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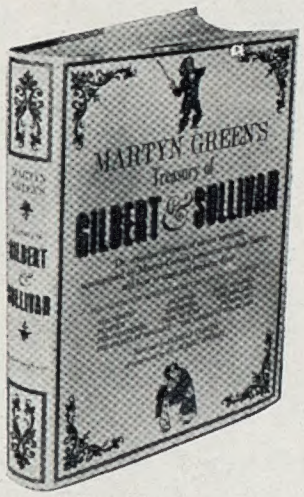

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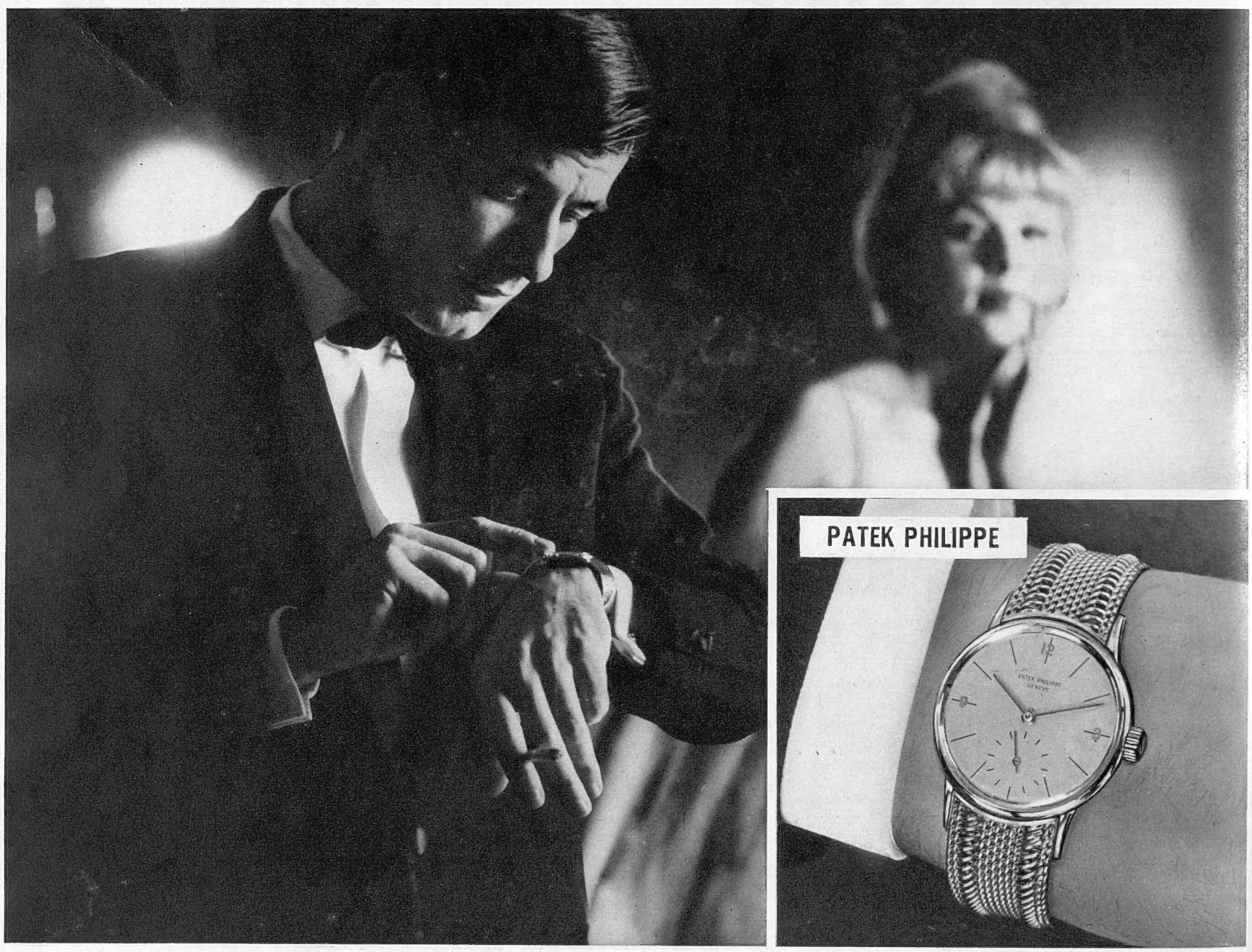

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Volume CCL No. 3251

LONDON, September 22, 1962

THE SPHERE

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

THE RIVAL SKIPPERS

Jock Sturrock (left), the captain of the first Australian challenger for the America's Cup, *Gretel*, enjoys a friendly joke with Emil " Bus " Mosbacher, skipper of the United States' defender, *Weatherly*, of the New York Yacht Club. The contest, which is won by the first of the yachts to win four races, began badly for the Australian yacht. In the first race, Sir Frank Packer's sloop from the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron lost ground on both the weather legs of a windward-leeward course in a moderate to fresh breeze, and finished 3 mins. 46 secs. and nearly three-quarters of a mile astern of the American boat. After this the Australians claimed their right to a postponement of the second race until Tuesday, partly because further repairs had to be done to the boat. During the previous week of trials *Gretel* had a run of bad luck during which her boom broke. The first race, off Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., last Saturday was watched by a large crowd, including Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy

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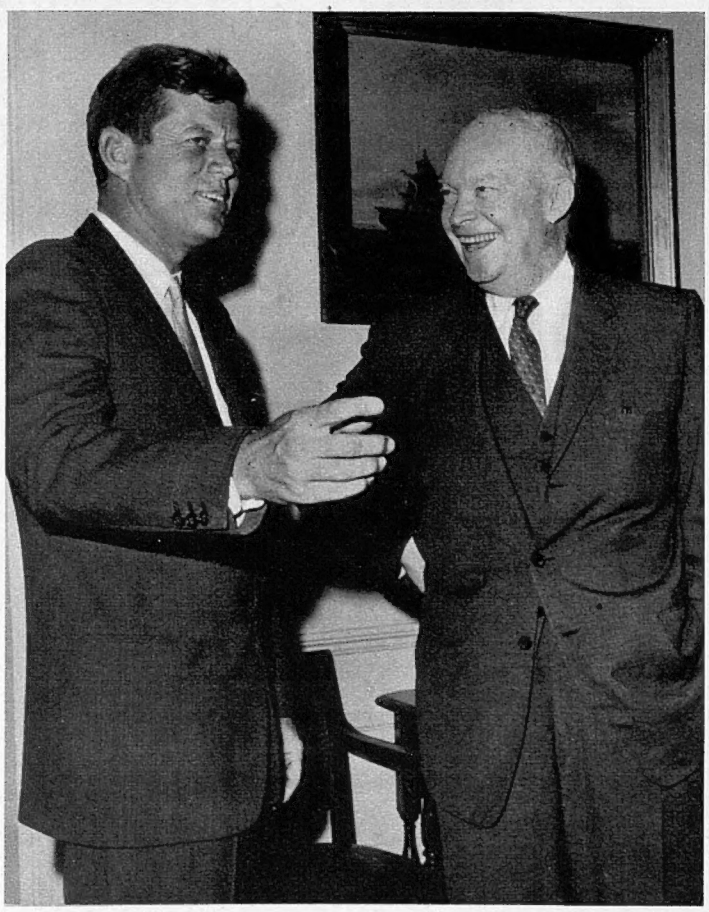
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

President Kennedy talks with General Eisenhower before lunching at the White House in Washington. The former President was reporting to Mr. Kennedy on his recent European tour, but world problems such as the Russian arms build-up in Cuba were also discussed. After the meeting reporters asked the General if he supported the President's policy of caution on Cuba. He said: "I am all in favour of the United States supporting the man who has to carry the responsibility for our foreign affairs." Previously he had said that he did not think that Cuba should become a subject for partisan debate, and had conspicuously not lent his support to the mounting tide of Republican demands for action against Dr. Castro's regime. In his Press conference last week Mr. Kennedy repeated that unilateral military intervention in Cuba was not required or justified at present, but the U.S. would do what was necessary should the Communist military build-up on the island interfere with her security. This followed a Russian warning that an attack on Cuba would mean war. **Right:** Mr. Robert Macnamara, the U.S. Defence Secretary, and General Lyman Lemnitzer, Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, testify at the Senate Armed Services Committee on the President's request for authority to call up 150,000 reserves if necessary during the Congressional recess. **Below:** A new self-propelled 8-in. howitzer climbs a steep slope during trials in the U.S.A. The makers claim it can cross streams and climb 60-degree gradients. **Far right:** An impressive aerial view of the highway which extends 260 miles from Miami to Key West, the southernmost point of the United States, which is only 90 miles over the sea to Cuba

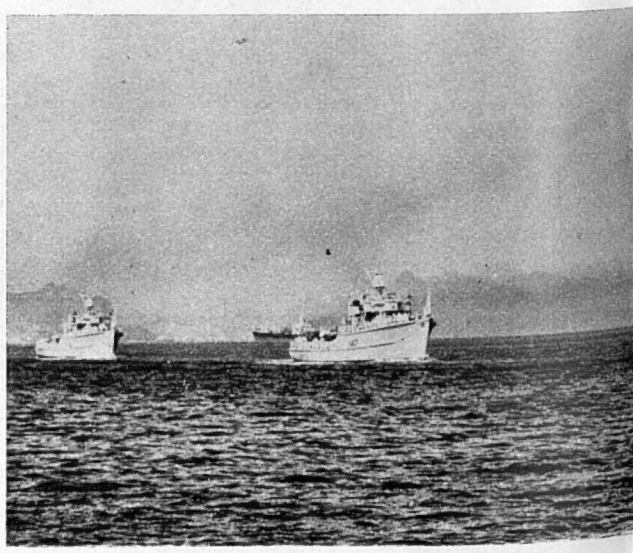


PRESIDENT AND EX-PRESIDENT

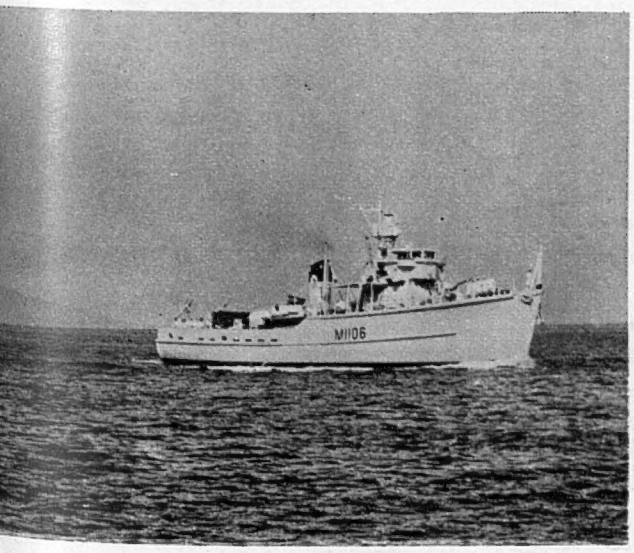
MR. MACNAMARA AND GENERAL LEMNITZER

THE ROAD TO CUBA

A NEW SELF-PROPELLED EIGHT-INCH HOWITZER IN THE U.S.



IN ADEN: THREE MINESWEEPERS OF THE MIDDLE EAS



OMMAND—

. . . . . AND VISITING BRITISH M.P.s

Far left: Three of the four Royal Navy minesweepers forming the Ninth Minesweeper Squadron before arrival in Aden. These are the first operational R.N. ships to be based in Aden since it became the headquarters of the Middle East Command in 1959. The fourth minesweeper was due to be sent later. **Left:** Lord Grenfell and four British M.P.s—Mr. McCann, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Kershaw and Mr. Marten—pass near blocks of flats accommodating Service men's families during a visit to Aden sponsored by the Air Ministry

AFTER THE BAPTISM OF A ROYAL BABY

The Duke and Duchess of Kent drive with their son Lord St. Andrews from Buckingham Palace, where he had been baptised by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The eleven-and-a-half-week-old baby was christened George Philip Nicholas. The service was held in the Music Room at the Palace and the gold lily baptismal font from Windsor Castle was used. The Queen and many other relatives were present. Prince Philip is among the godparents

ARRIVING FOR A BATTLE OF BRITAIN COMMEMORATION

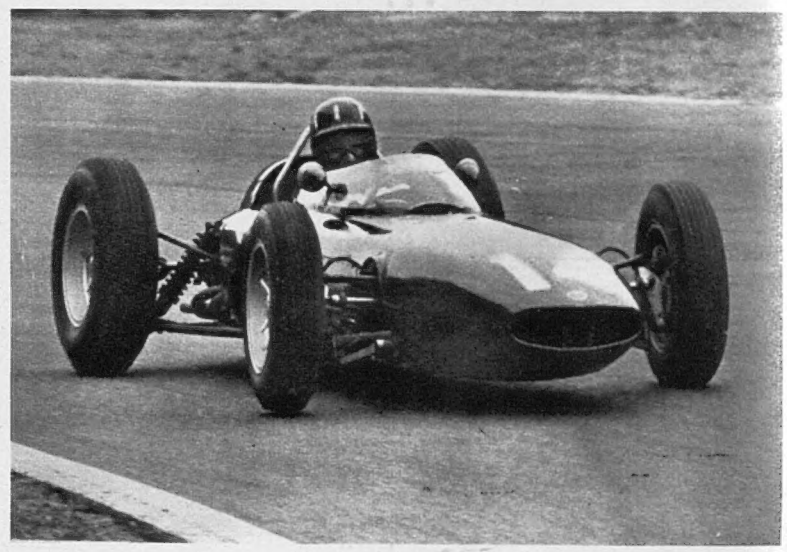
Lord and Lady Attlee walk through the ranks of the R.A.F. on arriving at Westminster Abbey for the annual service of thanksgiving for victory of the Battle of Britain. Also among the 1,800 in the congregation last Sunday were Mr. Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. George Drew, the High Commissioner of Canada, and Mrs. Drew. On the previous day sixteen R.A.F. stations in various parts of the country were open to the public

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Brian Kilby of Great Britain passes the finishing line to win the marathon on the last day of the European Athletics Championships in the Army Stadium in Belgrade, bringing the total of gold medals won by Britain in the course of the games to five. Britain also won three silver medals and six bronze medals. The most spectacular British victory was that of Bruce Tulloh in the 5,000 metres

ONE OF BRITAIN'S GOLD MEDALS

Far right: Graham Hill, of London, in the V8 B.R.M., holds grimly to the lead in the 86-lap Italian Grand Prix at Monza, which he won thirty-six seconds ahead of his running mate R. Ginther, of California, also in a B.R.M. The race was the seventh round of the 1962 Formula I world drivers' championship and further established Hill's lead in this championship



GRAHAM HILL WINS THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

M. Ben Bella, leader of the Algerian Politburo, talks with Colonel Boumedienne, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the National People's Army. The lists of approved candidates in the elections to be held this week did not include M. Ben Khedda, the Prime Minister of the Provisional Government, or leading trade unionists who had played an important part in resisting M. Ben Bella and the army leaders in Algiers last month

BEN BELLA AND COLONEL BOUMEDIENNE

Far right: The Soviet bus, containing the relief guard for the Soviet War Memorial in West Berlin, crosses from East Berlin over the Sandkrug Bridge. Because of the tension following the Fechter murder on the Wall, the guard had been using an armoured car. But last week the Russians gave in to a Western ultimatum that they revert to buses for the guard

RUSSIA YIELDS IN BERLIN

NEWS SUMMARY

The start of the annual Assembly of the U.N.; concluding stages of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference; another Sino-Indian frontier flare-up; election date for N. Rhodesia

INTERNATIONAL

The 104 member-states of the United Nations were due to meet in New York on Tuesday last for the opening of the seventeenth session of the U.N. General Assembly. Five new members were to be formally admitted and it is expected Uganda will become the 110th member next month. Many familiar issues, such as disarmament, Berlin and the representation of Red China, may be raised during the coming weeks. An important matter to be debated is that of the non-payment of subscriptions by certain nations to the cost of the U.N. Congo operations. Russia and France are among the defaulters. The Assembly will also have to decide whether U Thant is to be appointed Secretary-General. He was put into the office in an acting capacity last year. In some circles it is believed Russia may revive its troika plan, propounded after the death of Mr. Hammarskjold. This envisages a triumvirate to discharge the duties of the Secretary-General.

The day before the U.N. opened, another international gathering, the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, was starting in **Washington.** President Kennedy was to address the delegates this week. Mr. Reginald Maudling, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is representing Great Britain.

GREAT BRITAIN

The gathering of Commonwealth leaders at Marlborough House, in **London,** was due to conclude on Wednesday of this week. Reports of speeches made during last week in discussions on Britain's proposed entry into the Common Market showed that Commonwealth criticisms of Britain's entry ran deeper than had been expected. But towards the end of the week some commentators believed that understanding of Britain's attitude was growing.

Fallex, the first major test of Nato's ability to mobilise quickly, began last Sunday. In Britain the security blackout on operations was complete.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Press, under the chairmanship of Lord Shawcross, was to be published on Wednesday. The Commission was appointed in March 1961, to investigate the economic and financial condition of the Press.

FRANCE

After his return to **Paris** from his triumphant German tour, President de Gaulle caused a political controversy at home by announcing a plan for his succession. This will ask voters to agree that his successor should be elected by a referendum rather than by an electoral college, as at present. A referendum on this issue will be held next month.

Some of the men charged with attempting to assassinate the President last month near Paris were arrested last week. One of them, Major Niaux, committed suicide in his cell a few hours after arrest. The trial of thirty-seven persons accused of forming an O.A.S. network in Brittany ended with heavy prison sentences. Another trial of an O.A.S. leader, M. André Canal, known as "the Black Monocle," was continuing.

RUMANIA

On arrival in **Bucharest** at the head of an East German Communist delegation on an official visit, Herr Walter Ulbricht, Chairman of the East German Council of State, said a separate peace treaty must be concluded between Russia and East Germany. It was noticed, however, that he made no mention of a date for the signature of such a treaty. Last month in a speech in East Germany Herr Ulbricht declared a definite date had been fixed with Moscow.

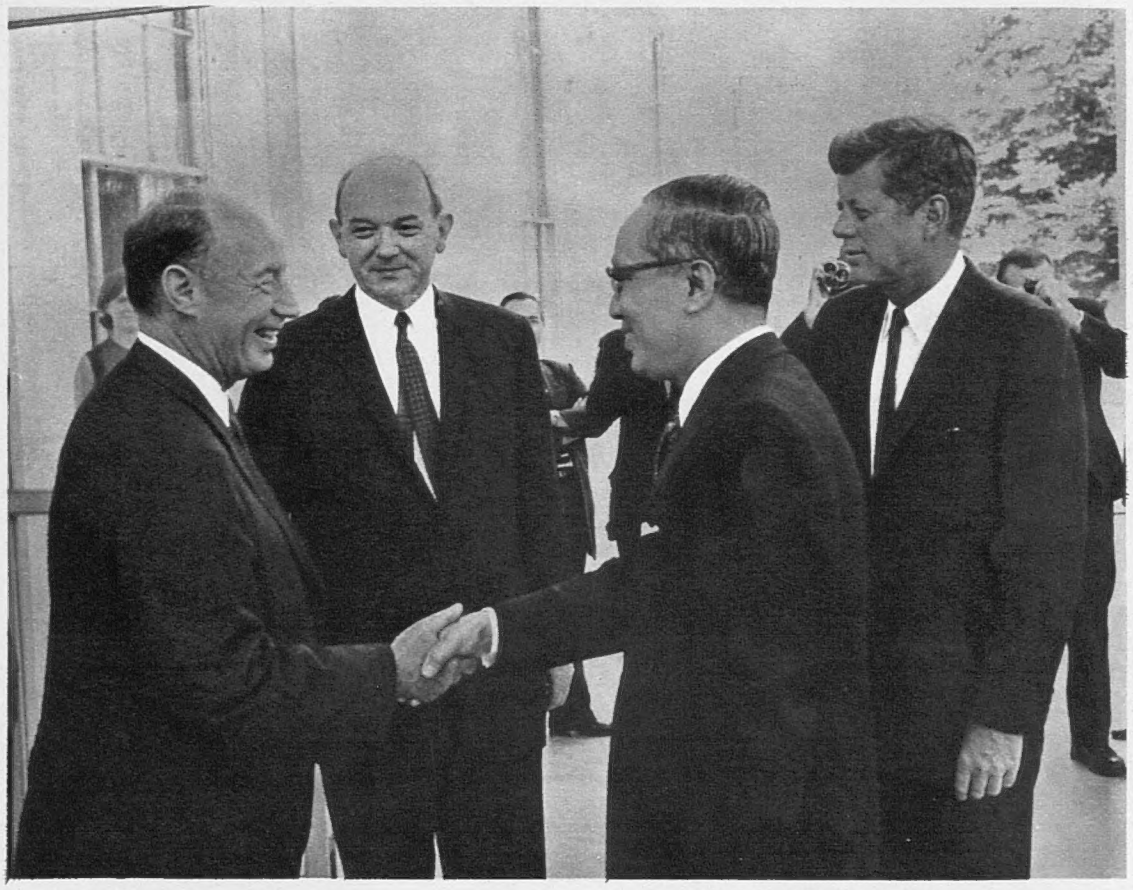
INDIA

It was officially stated in **New Delhi** on Sunday that Chinese troops were still "a little over on the Indian side" of the McMahon line (i.e., the frontier with China running along the north of Assam to Bhutan). Chinese allegations that India had invaded Chinese territory were denied. The Chinese troop moves over the north-east Indian border were first reported last week. They followed news of more clashes in Ladakh, on the north-west frontier.

CENTRAL AFRICA

It was confirmed in **Lusaka,** the Northern Rhodesian capital, that the territory's election would be held on October 30. This is the first election under the constitution originally introduced by Mr. Macleod in February 1961, amended by him in June 1961, and further amended by Mr. Maudling in March this year. The voters' rolls closed this week, and Nomination Day will be October 9. Because of the complex electoral arrangements which involve two separate rolls and one joint one, speculation on the result was proving difficult.

Meanwhile, in Southern Rhodesia, the Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, said in **Salisbury** that his Government was determined to bring "the present wave of violence and sabotage to a speedy end." The warning followed another battle between rival African factions in **Harare** township, in which one African died. Last week the formation of a "Zimbabwe Liberation Army" was announced (Zimbabwe is the nationalist name for Southern Rhodesia). Mr. Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union has denied all knowledge of or connection with the "Army" which claimed responsibility for the recent acts of sabotage.



President Kennedy and Mr. Dean Rusk look on outside the White House as Mr. Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., greets U Thant. The Acting Secretary-General of the U.N. had arrived to lunch with the President

MIDDLE EAST

In a meeting of the Arab League in **Cairo,** Mr. Abdul Hassouna, of the U.A.R., was reappointed Secretary-General of the Arab League for a third full five-year term. As the U.A.R. is at the moment boycotting League activities, the reappointment was seen as a victory for Abdul Hassouna.

Meanwhile the U.A.R.'s relations with Saudi-Arabia, already soured by a propaganda war between Cairo and **Mecca,** took a turn for the worse, when King Saud's Defence Minister, Prince Muhammad, said he was going to **Prague** to negotiate a purchase of Czech arms. This was thought to be a reply to recent U.S. support for the U.A.R.

Russian influences in the Middle East could also be seen at work in an exchange of Notes with Iran, which were reported in **Teheran** as saying that Iran would not allow any foreign rocket bases on her territory, and would not be party to any aggression against Russia.

CUBA

Two journalists and a schoolboy, all British, were released in **Havana** after being detained for several days by Cuban authorities. They were Mr. Bland, Reuter's correspondent in Cuba; Mr. Barnes, of *Newsweek*; and Nicholas Lacey, who had been on a hitch-hiking tour. Mr. Bland said that the food in jail was bad, "but there was none of the brutality one would have expected." (See also page 408.)

DINNER AT THE PALACE

The Queen entertains the Commonwealth leaders

The Queen Mother arrives for the dinner

Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon drive to Buckingham Palace. **Below:** The Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Princess Marina and the Duchess of Kent on the way to the dinner at Buckingham Palace for the Commonwealth leaders

The Queen is surrounded by the leaders of the delegations to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference before the dinner she gave them at Buckingham Palace. From left they are, seated: Mr. Holyoake (New Zealand); Mr. Nehru (India); Mr. Diefenbaker (Canada); Mr. Menzies (Australia); Field Marshal Ayub Khan (Pakistan); and Mr. Macmillan. Standing are: Mr. Rashidi Kawawa (Tanganyika); Dr. Eric Williams (Trinidad and Tobago); Sir Milton Margai (Sierra Leone); Sir Abubakar Tafewa Balewa

(Nigeria); Sir Alexander Bustamante (Jamaica); Sir Roy Welensky (Central African Federation); Tun Abdul Razak (Malaya); Mr. Goka (Ghana); Mr. Fernando (Ceylon) and Archbishop Makarios (Cyprus). Other members of the Royal Family were present at the dinner, and besides the Prime Ministers the guests included High Commissioners and their wives, some British Ministers and Mr. and Mrs. Gaitskell. After the dinner there was a reception for the Colonial Ministers attending the conference

JOHN CONNELL

COLD WAR BY SYMBOLS

Anyone who has attended any performances of classical Chinese drama —and that must have meant a good many hours of watching and listening to the banging, the stamping, the prancing, and the prodigious sword-waving, which are all inseparable from such a performance—will recall that one of its fundamental themes is the clash of rival warlords. The Chinese, having long ago (I suspect) discovered their own quite intense brand of bellicosity, have been able in some measure to canalise part of the violence it generates into this preposterous, if elegant and lavishly decorated, charade. It would be agreeable if something of the sort could be widely accepted as an efficient substitute for the no less pre-posterous, but nowhere near so elegant, sub-farce which nowadays passes under the name of an " international crisis."

" Face," which is by no means merely a Chinese peculiarity, would be preserved. Nobody need be really hurt or really humiliated. A skilful designer could dress up the leading participants fit to kill; but all their weapons would be blunt and their ferocious expressions would be masks. Somebody who has tried to make Lohengrin's swan look convincing need fear little trouble from a miniature—and three-ply—Polaris submarine; and I doubt whether it would need much ingenuity on the part of the house of Brock to produce a deliciously convincing, small-scale, guaranteed harmless, mushroom cloud.

Symbolic of the Cold War—East German Frontier Guards strengthen the barbed wire on the top of the wall erected by the communists to divide Berlin

International relations—as I think I may have hinted more than once in these articles recently—have entered a phase of potentially dangerous, certainly very distasteful, highly exhibitionist muscle-flexing. The war-lords are grinning and capering, thudding downstage in a series of very menacing leaps, and are brandishing their missiles and anti-missile missiles (not to mention the other items in their sinister and very mysterious armoury) with the intention of scaring the living daylights out of one another.

On the purely symbolical plane, all this—though quite wildly and unnecessarily expensive—is presumably psychologically permissible. The tensions caused by individual and group inhibitions and frustrations are thereby relaxed; and if the toys can be safely locked up in the playbox at the end of the day, nobody need be much the worse, and all the actors, great and small, can live to fight another day, in another mimic combat. The U2 is a symbol; and so is its Russian equivalent, of which—for reasons on which it is futile to speculate—we hear a great deal less. Those dashing yet home-loving cosmonauts are symbols, just as much as are the Polaris submarines. But unfortunately they exist on a plane of perilous, knife-edge reality, as well. The stage sword is not, after all, blunted; it can kill. And someone a good deal less genuinely peace-loving than Messrs. Brock has played around for too long with the kind of firework that produces a mushroom cloud.

On this plane the mounting evidence of irresponsibility and clumsiness —if of no acts and motives of graver culpability—is disconcerting. Hardly had sedation been accomplished in the matter of the U2 that strayed over Sakhalin, than our flesh was made to creep by the discovery that our old and embarrassing friend, Chiang Kai-shek, had for the past two years been sending U2's on regular reconnaissance missions over Communist-controlled mainland China. Accusations of American complicity rent the wireless welkin; Radios Moscow and Pekin had what the late Lord Curzon ineffably described as a " bĕano " on this new indication of capitalist-imperialist wickedness.

The incident mattered because the U2 has been made a symbol. It is the Mata Hari of the beginning of the Space Age; and like Mata Hari, even in her heyday, it is already obsolescent. Espionage and counter-espionage inevitably continue; but once your cipher has been broken, and once your agent has been rumbled, you get a new cipher and you disown the agent. The U2 for practical intelligence purposes now is a good deal more out-dated than General Sir Richard Hannay: and, along with James Bond, can be moved into the spies' Valhalla. Our man in the stratosphere is out; and both sides know it.

Nevertheless, as always in this archaic trade, there is a lingering odour of fish. Was the whole episode quite as simple as it was made to appear? What, for example, was the " unconventional " device with which the Chinese Nationalists' costly little toy was brought to earth on Communist territory? As is, I think, fairly well known to the readers of this page, I have a very great respect for the *New York Times*; it may be salutary therefore to stress the fact that I disagree with its suggestion that the reference to an " unconventional " device may mean that the Chinese Communists " may have acquired an important new capability against high-flying planes." Frankly, if the *New York Times* means an anti-aircraft projectile by that odd word, " capability " (which I, in my incurably old-fashioned way associate with landscape gardening), why on earth doesn't it say so?

On the other hand, I think it was wise to point out that Pekin's cries of scandal sounded a pretty hollow note. The Communists have, of course, been making just as many reconnaissance flights of their own over foreign territory as they have thought necessary. I should, for example, greatly like to see the log book of any or all of the early warning radar stations in northern Canada.

Further, we do well to remind ourselves that (in the words of the *New York Times*) " the Chinese Nationalists and Communists are still at war, subdued though their conflict may sometimes be." It is a curious, characteristically Chinese war; and I think there are strong inclinations, on both sides, to bring it to a close. It was interesting to note that when, some weeks ago, a kite was flown containing a very frank, and quite detailed account of secret negotiations between Chiang and Mao, the denials came with extreme promptitude, and were made with (I thought) the bland but quite unconvincing eagerness of the child caught out pinching jam from the larder, or of a Chancellor of the Exchequer about to devalue the currency.

The U2's have certainly served their purpose, though not perhaps quite in the way that the Lockheed Corporation may have desired when the first plans came off the drawing-board. They are now part of the permanent folk-lore of the cold war. As is, from quite another facet, Castro's Cuba, though it perhaps is still as important on the plane of reality as it is on the plane of symbolism. Symbolically—by the very reason of geography—the existence of a Communist satellite State within a few minutes' flying time of the American homeland is extremely painful to the United States, just as the existence of Nato forces in Western Germany is painful to the U.S.S.R. It is a sharp reminder that the Monroe Doctrine is as outdated as splendid isolation.

The irony lies in the fact that two great nations, which matured through pain, pioneering and civil war in isolation from the rest of the civilised world, are now capable of standing, in menacing and hostile postures, on each other's doorsteps; and all the rest of us—if they and we are not supremely and constantly careful—can be dragged into any open conflict between them.

Therefore it is highly necessary to keep cool heads when, as over Cuba, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. begin exchanging threats and boasts. Havana, we must realise, is regrettably as significant to the Russians as Berlin is to the Western Powers. That we, the United States, Britain and France, have a long-standing, historical and legal justification for our presence in Berlin, and that the Russians (except that they are there at the invitation of Fidel Castro) have no shadow of right to be in Cuba to the extent that they are, matter not at all.

One homely peasant proverb that Mr. Khrushchev has never for an instant forgotten is that what is sauce for the goose is also, as they say in the Ukraine, sauce for the gander; and he takes especial pleasure in giving tit for tat. If the Americans play it hard on Berlin, as (quite rightly) they have recently sought to do over access to the Soviet War Memorial, and over the coldblooded shooting of would-be refugees, then Mr. Khrushchev will play it hard over Cuba. This is surely the motive underlying the 4,000-word statement issued last week, warning the United States to keep its nose out of Russian-Cuban relations, and announcing that any attack on Cuba " could be the start of unleashing of a thermo-nuclear war." At the time of Suez, six years ago, I came to certain conclusions about the value of symbols, in war and peace, the purport of which may be implicit in what I have just written. There may not be many grounds for confidence, but there is never any reason to be afraid

King Bhumipol of Thailand and his beautiful Queen Sirikit receive homage from a Thai student, Mr. D. Juekok, in Sydney, New South Wales. The photograph was taken during the recent highly successful tour of Australia by the Monarch of Thailand and his Consort. King Bhumipol is himself a serious and highly skilled exponent of modern music with several popular compositions to his name. So he and the Queen spent some time talking with Mr. Juekok after he had played the Thai Royal Anthem on his saxophone. In their fortnight's visit the Thai Royal couple travelled extensively. They were first in Canberra and their itinerary included Tasmania and Queensland. In speeches everywhere the King emphasised the importance of co-operation between Thailand and Australia in defence planning in the Far East

MUSICIAN TO MUSICIAN

b

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"FACES OF STONE LOOK DOWN." What a mighty part the camera played this year in putting across to us the serious business of the T.U.C. Congress at Blackpool. Everyone of those delegates whose pictures I scrutinised with awe and admiration, revealed a face which seemed to have been hewn out of granite by a titanic Rodin. Yet some of them I had seen in earlier photographs drinking (and looking like) "cups of tea" at a *thé dansant*. At Blackpool the matters they discussed were nearly all very serious, and no doubt they composed their faces for the big scenes. Anyway, I felt I would rather have these monolith men and women on my side than against me in politics and industry and critical moments. When with one voice they outlawed little "Nic," I felt that a steam-hammer had crashed down on a butterfly. After all, these same gigantic men are at the helm to direct the policies and decisions of great organisations, and when they say "turn," one would expect every member of their rank and file smartly to obey, and when they say "halt" to halt. But perhaps the finest camera can lie. Sometimes it doesn't work out that way. They don't seem so masterful during unofficial strikes and can even appear as "little children weak" when compelled to concede official status to strikes they disapprove of. But strong enough and obstinate enough I expect they are to resist the ceding of their particular unions' sovereignty and privileges in the endeavour to streamline and rationalise trade union structure in changed conditions, and to eliminate some of the duplication of aims and the overlapping which bedevil its smooth working and authority.

SAGES IN CONFERENCE. While the professors were all at work at the autumn conferences on science, psychology, education, population, transportation, and what not, odd bits and pieces of information, fact and theory came to us in advance of the carefully prepared reports on which future legislation and policies may be based. Thus we learned that Disraeli's "Two Nations" (rich and poor) still exist, but no longer side by side (as once in Belgrave Square and Belgrave Mews), but divided by a line drawn from Bristol to Hull via Chester. Those lucky enough to live south and east of that line are "passing rich," those above the line are below the line of affluence. We take this item as picturesque generalisation, on which the Press reporter naturally fastens. So, too, we accepted a picture of Mr. Marples, apparently playing a plaintive air on a flute. Looked at more closely, the instrument was seen to be a bagpipe. Mr. Marples, fortified by half a glass of sherry, was breathing into a bag, and the air he breathed turned the bag into a colour which convicted him of being "drunk in charge." There again, we recognise a picturesque "streamer" of an international conference on alcohol and road traffic, every bit as important as any other September conference, the ultimate report of which may even make out of date the Road Traffic Act of 1962 which is not yet in operation, or apparently near to be so. We need reject as foolish or fanciful none of the hundreds of facts, theories and proposals which annually emerge from the autumn conferences of intelligent men and women. I suppose many of them, if implemented by legislation, might help to ease some sore in human existence, but for the most part they die on the air like the echo of a thunderclap or the postman's knock. *Pereunt et imputantur*—on the files of a learned society or an *ad hoc* committee. You can't draft a Parliamentary Bill for every good idea, obviously. The odd thing is how many bad ideas receive the dignity of an Act of Parliament.

The frigates H.M.S. *Virago* and H.M.S. *Venus* lie in the Pool of London. Admiral Sir Wilfrid Woods, C.-in-C. Home Fleet and Nato C.-in-C. Eastern Atlantic Command, flying his flag in *Virago*, had arrived on a courtesy visit to London

GIVE US BACK OUR 28. The Joint Committee on Lords' reform have been asked to add a fresh item to their agenda when business resumes next month. The Peers of Ireland ask for the restoration of their right to send twenty-eight of their number to Westminster. Before the Act of Union, Irish peers had a House of Lords of their own. After 1800, twenty-eight of their number were elected to represent them at Westminster—for life, and the last to sit under that rule died last year. (Scottish representative peers are elected at Edinburgh for the life of a Parliament.) No Irish peer has been elected since 1919, and since 1922 the situation was altogether changed. There are still scores of Irish peers with no U.K. or G.B. peerage added, entitling them to sit at Westminster in the Lords. They are free to sit in the Commons, as did Lord Winterton for fifty years until rewarded on merit with a U.K. peerage. (Lord Palmerston was a still more famous instance.) If the Joint Committee come to consider the Irish peers' submission, they may find that it opens a wide door in Ireland's changed circumstances. Recruitment *to* the Upper House—already absurdly overloaded potentially—is rather outside their brief (unless as regards hereditary peeresses), and their main considerations envisage streamlining the House and enlarging the exits rather than the entrances. Moreover, the Joint Committee might not have been set up, if certain English peers had not decided that a voice in the Commons was worth infinitely more than a voice in the Lords.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LONDON CLUBS

The Guards'—the first of a series, which will be published in The Sphere *during the next few months, on the West-End clubs. Drawings are by Geoffrey S. Fletcher.*

BRITISH PEERAGE RESEARCH. If you are incorrigibly democratic, withhold your guffaws when you learn that a social study of the British peerage is being conducted by two professors under the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Demography has been an important branch of science for centuries in Britain, and the British peerage is the *only* large and consistent body of information relating to historical changes in marriage, fertility and mortality in this country. If you are patriotic, switch your guffaws to tears when you learn that this vital investigation is being carried out largely on American money, and not enough of that. We have every reason to be ashamed of ourselves for running this mine of information on a shoestring and on voluntary contributions from America, a country which in the last century has contributed already scores of recruits to renew and enrich its veins. It is shocking to learn that, as a result of native parsimony, the money runs out when the professors have hardly scratched the marquises. It is much less deplorable that we should rely on American money to keep us inconspicuously in the picture in the latest developments and progress in space travel and nuclear explosion. The

Spinaway C. (right) battles against *Saltcote Belle* during the Orwell Barge Race. **Right:** *Maid of Connaught* under full sail. **Below:** *Memory*, the winner of the race

The Orwell Barge Race in East Anglia, organised by the Pin Mill Sailing Club, took place earlier this month. The course was run down the Orwell and out to sea round the Stone Banks Buoy, covering in all a distance of 29 miles. Seven of the nine entries got away to a good start. The other two sustained damage to their topsails because of the stiff breeze. The winner of the race was *Memory*. She gained the silver bowl presented by the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. *Spinaway C.* took second place and *Ardeer* came in third.

British peerage, diluted as it is, is still uniquely British. We were built on it before we discovered that we were built on coal, and it has triumphantly survived the rich deposits of that later basic industry. It is up to us to find the money to exploit the peerage in the interests of science.

ACTS OF GOD AND OF MEN. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, perhaps as many as 15,000 people in Persia died untimely and in terror by an Act of God. Since obviously an enormous majority of them had as much right to enjoy their earthly ration as have the bulk of humanity, " Act of God " is a queer expression, and embarrassing in the pulpit. Certainly in older days, when religion was a more living and sin-deterring force, this Act of God would have been fastened on by hot-gospellers as God's punishment on the unruly wills and affections of sinful men. But why hit on the Persians? These people are not members of the nuclear club and are among the last to be justly punished for the presumptions of Promethean nations, seeking to handle the weapons and explore the secrets of Olympus, which once were not designed for exploitation by mortals. Of course, this Persian earthquake is not a record in destruction. Man-made imitations have already—as at Hiroshima—turned the most devastating Acts of God into minor misfortunes or unhappy chances. Still, this latest tragedy in Persia, without hot-gospelling from pulpits, might well suggest to the most agnostic and hard-headed scientists among the great powers that such mortal competition with unknown powers in the use of unknown forces has gone far enough: *permitte divis cetera.* Men have received a bellyful of cruelty and terror and mere unkindness from men; and a change to a little humility and humanity would not come amiss. There have always been quite enough innocent victims of " Acts of God " to outlaw the phrase as detestable to Christian ears.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

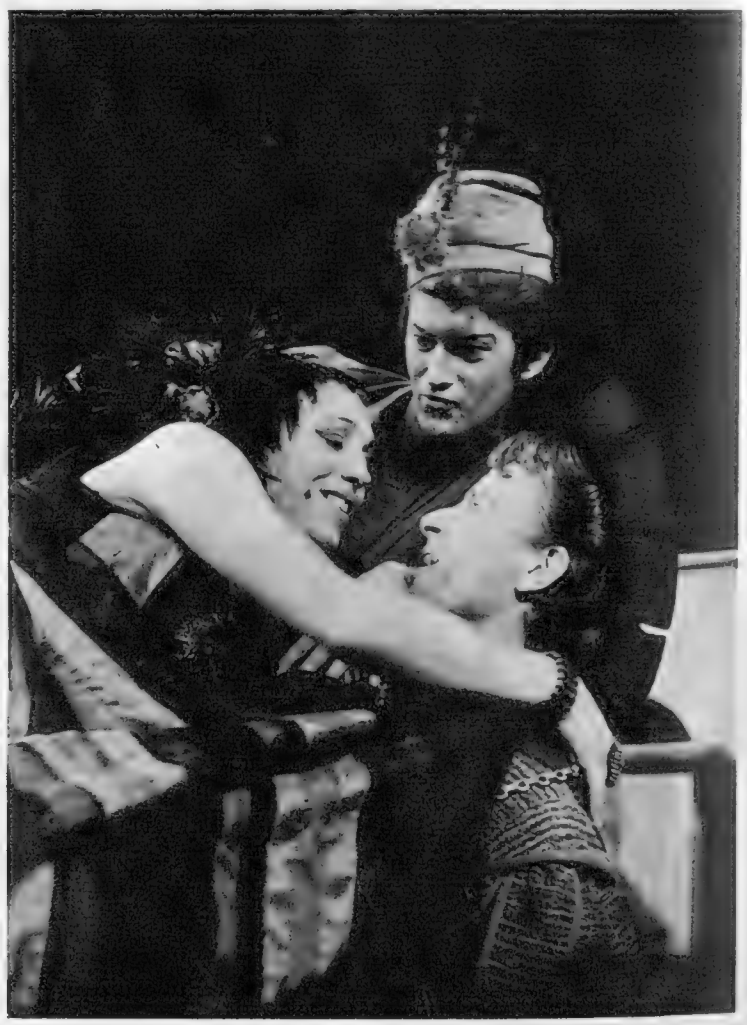
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon

The eccentric convolutions of plot and the improbability of stories of mistaken identity possibly account for the fact that this piece of very early Shakespeare has not been done at Stratford for twenty-four years. Clifford Williams, the director of this new production, which is standing in for Paul Scofield's Lear (postponed because of Mr. Scofield's illness), proves that with a little imagination, this bizarre quadrille of a play is well worth rescuing. It is set very simply on three up-sloping wooden platforms, on one of which is a masked audience, making it a play within a play. The tale of the two sets of twins, Antipholus and Dromio, is played with breezy style by Stratford's excellent troupe of performers, who render the glittering verbal conceits of the young Shakespeare with clarity and plenty of comic know-how.

Photographs by Gordon Goode

Pinch (James Booth), Adriana (Diana Rigg), Antipholus of Ephesus (Ian Richardson), Dromio of Ephesus (Ian Hewitson)



A Courtezan (Yvonne Bonnamy) with Dromio of Syracuse (Barry MacGregor) and Antipholus of Syracuse (Alec McCowen). **Left:** Æmilia (Pauline Letts), Ægeon (Tony Church). **Right:** The masked crowd in a dramatic moment

Luciana (Susan Maryott); Adriana; the Courtezan; Pinch; Antipholus of Ephesus; Dromio of Ephesus (kneeling) and an officer (John Corvin)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

CONFERENCE IMPRESSIONS

The portrait of Sarah Churchill which hangs in one of the conference rooms at Marlborough House must have been looking down with a wondering eye at the proceedings that have been going on in her former town house. After a little while, however, she would probably relish the fact that her own Wren-designed building was still, after two and-a-half centuries, one of the centres of power, scene of great deliberations and far-reaching decisions. Queen Mary, too, would be surprised not only at what was happening in her one-time residence, but at the extraordinary transformation in the nature of the Commonwealth that has taken place in the last fifteen years.

In discussion at Marlborough House, from left, are Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Sandys, Dr. Williams (Trinidad and Tobago), Mr. Kawawa (Tanganyika), Archbishop Makarios (Cyprus), Tun Abdul Razak (Malaya). In front are Mr. Goka (Ghana), President Ayub Khan (Pakistan) and Mr. Holyoake (New Zealand). **Right:** Senator Fernando, representing Ceylon

Mr. Menzies arrives at Marlborough House. **Centre :** Sir Milton Margai (Sierra Leone) **Right :** Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Nehru and President Ayub Khan in Marlborough House garden

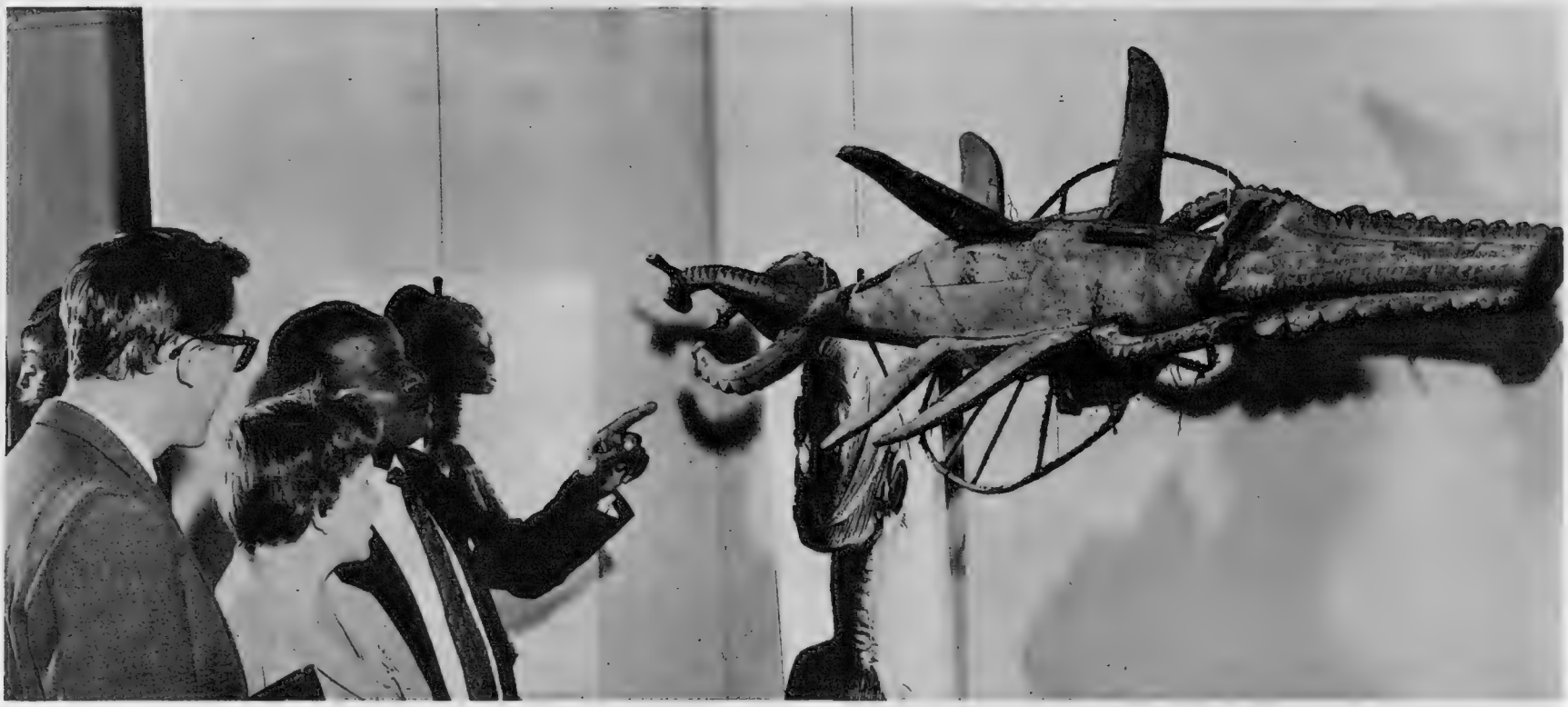
Mr. Diefenbaker opens the new Canadian Government Travel Bureau. Behind from left are Mr. Drew, Canadian High Commissioner in London, Mrs. Diefenbaker, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Dinsdale and Mr. Dinsdale, the Canadian Minister for Northern Affairs. **Right:** Mr. Nehru studies his portrait at an exhibition of work by Jacques Fromonot (right)

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation. **Centre:** Sir Alexander Bustamante, Prime Minister of Jamaica, with Lady Bustamante. **Right:** Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Southwell, Chief Minister of St. Kitts, and Mr. Walter Nash, leader of the New Zealand Labour Party, chat at the meeting of Labour leaders of the Commonwealth

Many reports suggested that last week's gathering was taking on a momentum of its own; it remained to be seen whether anything would come of it. But this concourse must be an unrivalled opportunity for Heads of Government and Ministers to make informal contacts without the glare of publicity and speculation that would accompany such get-togethers elsewhere. Moreover, the contacts are all in the same language. Whenever one sees these men freely meeting together like this, one realises that these conferences can act as great agents in fostering a common identity in the Commonwealth, however difficult it may be to sustain such a feeling.

This is not to ignore the very real differences and tensions that exist between many Commonwealth countries, and, of course, over the proceedings at Marlborough House there has hung the question-mark of Britain's proposed entry into the Common Market. But when one studies the gathering, and listens to the participants, one cannot help agreeing with Mr. Diefenbaker, who said: "I can never get over my wonderment at the Commonwealth." The Canadian Prime Minister was speaking at the opening of the new Canadian Government Travel Bureau in Cockspur Street, London. This was just one of the many engagements which the Commonwealth leaders have been attending in the last two weeks in London, starting a chain of those personal contacts which form the real cement of this unique association.

Archbishop Makarios and Mr. Goka. **Right:** Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa (Nigeria) with members of his delegation



Members of the public admire a carved wooden head-dress representing a swordfish in the exhibition which continues until the end of the month in Salisbury

THE ARTS IN AFRICA

Mr. Vincent Kofi, a sculptor from Ghana, with his bronze figure, "Africa Awakes." **Centre:** Mr. Penrose, chairman of the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London, with a carved wooden porrianong bird. **Far right:** Dr. William Fagg, head of the British Museum's African Department, with a bronze head of a seventeenth-century Oba of Benin

Mr. Frank McEwen, director of the Rhodes National Gallery, with members of the African Folk Theatre Group of the Ivory Coast. **Right:** The Ivory Coast group perform

Chopi dancers from Portuguese East Africa execute complicated steps with their shields and wooden dance sticks

The distinctive contribution of African culture in such fields as art, sculpture and music, although appreciated for a long time by enthusiasts, is only now beginning to be understood by a wider public. The influence of African rhythms on twentieth-century music, both popular and classical, has been profound; African stylisation in art has influenced men like Picasso and Epstein. These trends have, however, lacked a focal-point on the African continent, finding expression only in individual theorists like Leopold Senghor, the "poet President" of Senegal, proponent of the concept of *négritude*. Africologists have been encouraged recently by the First International Congress of African Culture (south of the Sahara), held last month in Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, largely on the initiative of Mr. Frank McEwen, the director of the Rhodes National Gallery. There were high hopes that it would gather momentum, and would be the first of many such meetings. The Congress, which lasted for twelve days, heard papers and participated in discussions on the overseas influences of African art and on its future direction. Most of the artists present were African, with a sprinkling of European experts; the proceedings were opened with a steel band from Trinidad, a symbol of the overseas influence of Africa. An exhibition of many priceless works of African art accompanying the Congress was due to continue until the end of September.

The Timi of Ede, in Nigeria, with some of his drummers

The Curtis Pierre steel band from Trinidad performs in Salisbury

Excavations for the underground machine hall at Tumut, part of the gigantic Snowy Mountains Scheme in New South Wales

AUSTRALIA'S WATER POWER

The photographs on these pages show work in progress and work completed on Australia's Snowy Mountains Scheme. It is a gigantic undertaking and its purpose is to divert the waters of three rivers to pass under the Australian Alps in New South Wales and harness them to produce hydro-electric power and irrigate vast areas of land. The first power for the New South Wales electricity system was produced in 1955. Since then work on the entire project has gone steadily ahead. The scheme embraces an area of nearly 3,000 square miles and when complete will include nine major dams and many smaller ones, some 100 miles of tunnels, ten power stations and eighty miles of aqueducts high in the mountain ranges.

Two of the dams completed in the Snowy Mountains. **Above:** The waters flow through the Tantangara dam. **Below:** The curved structure of the Tumut Pond dam

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SOME HABITS OF THE GREY SQUIRREL

Grey squirrels live in our wood. I work in a hut at the edge of this wood, and this hut has a half-door. My first introduction to our squirrels came while I was sitting at my desk wondering what on earth to put on a blank sheet of paper. Before this I had caught only fleeting glimpses of one scuttering in the tree-tops. I heard a scuffle and looked up to see a squirrel perched on the open half-door; no more than 10 ft. away. We looked at each other for what seemed minutes and was probably no more than a second or two. Then it was gone.

I suppose that, as a conscientious citizen, I ought to have reached for a gun and shot it. Grey squirrels have a very bad reputation. They are destructive to all kinds of trees and gardens; they tear off much more fruit, ripe or unripe, than is eaten; they take birds' eggs and kill young birds, and so on. But if I was to exterminate everything that is destructive in our garden, I should have to start with the bullfinches and the blackbirds. I have yet to find the fruit cage that will defeat a determined blackbird. If I did that, I should be called a murderer. I like bullfinches and blackbirds. They are welcome to our blossom and to our fruit. Anyway I had not got a gun. And I do not want to kill anything.

I do not, of course, deny that the grey squirrel does do a great deal of damage, especially in forestry plantations and on agricultural land, but I am quite sure much of the detestation it inspires springs from the fact that it is an alien and widely believed to attack and kill our native red squirrel. I know of no evidence that it does so. But it is true that the red is now rare in, or wholly absent from, districts in which it was formerly common and that these districts are now occupied by the grey. On the other hand, there are districts in which the two live side by side, apparently peacefully. If the introduction of the grey has had an unfavourable influence on the red, and the overall picture certainly suggests that this is the case, there is no direct evidence as to what that influence is.

Be that as it may, the red is now regarded by most people as a beautiful and harmless little creature, the larger and undeniably uglier grey as harmful and hateful, a " tree-rat." It was not always so. Monica Shorten, in her monograph *Squirrels*, gives details of control measures which once had to be taken against the red squirrel, because of the damage it did, in the New Forest, in Cornwall, and in Scotland. There were then, of course, plenty of red squirrels. In fact, the habits of the red differ but little from those of the grey. It is not the habits that matter so much as the numbers. Neither the red nor the grey is a menace when present in small numbers. In our wood the numbers are very small, and the damage they do is negligible.

Our squirrels do not breed in our wood. I think this is because ours is a wood of Scots pine. But the wood is their playground. In January and again in June I have watched their courtship chases through the treetops and on the ground. I once saw one, leaping from tree to tree, miss completely and fall to the ground: it landed with a crash, but picked itself up and shinned up the nearest tree with scarcely a pause; love is a powerful spur. In May and again in September I have seen the young being shown the way around.

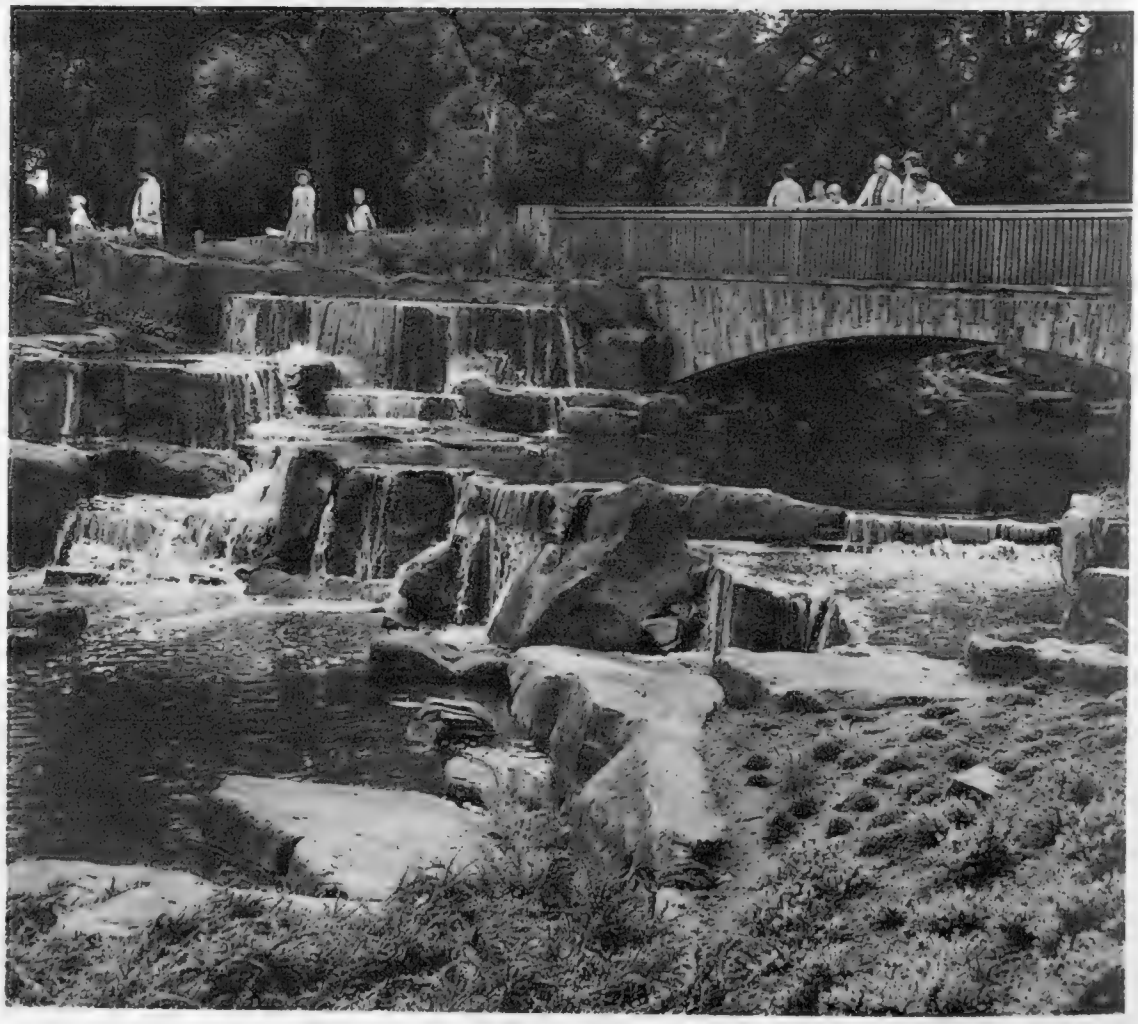
Since the grey squirrel has two litters a year with about four in each litter, and since they begin to breed at a year old, the numbers in our wood ought to increase by leaps and bounds. In fact, they do not increase at all. I suppose that the old ones drive the young away. At any rate, except in the breeding seasons, we never seem to have more than a couple in the wood at any one time. I would not care to swear even to that, because normally I see only one squirrel at a time.

This squirrel, or this pair, is astonishingly indifferent to my presence. That first look over the half-door evidently convinced it that I am incapable of swift movement and, therefore, harmless. Now it, or they, for if there are two I cannot tell the difference between them, comes almost daily to the bird table. This is always at about noon, but it must also come in the early morning. I know this, because I sometimes find that the half-coconuts that hang from the bird table for the benefit of the tits have been pulled up on to it. I think that this is pretty clever of the squirrel. When it comes at noon, it always comes by the same route—jumping from an oak tree on to the roof of my hut, landing with a heavy thump, then scuttling the length of the roof, down on to the ground and up the pole to the table.

The birds simply leave the table for the nearest bushes and wait for it to finish. They are back on the table almost before it has reached the ground. The squirrel, feeding on the table, takes not the least notice of our two cats, who will sometimes sit close by staring up at it. Nor does it take the slightest notice of me. I can move to the window, even open the door, and it will not move. It just stops eating for a moment and has a good look at me. But if our elderly sheepdog, who is blind and who could not reach up to the table in any case, should appear, it will take a flying leap for the nearest tree and is at the top, always keeping the trunk between it and the dog, before you have time to blink.

Recently this engaging animal has taken to hanging head downwards from the guttering of the hut to help itself from a nut-container I have hung there for the tits and the nuthatches. This cannot be more than 5 ft. from where I sit at my desk and it can, of course, see me plainly. I thought that perhaps if I opened the window it would leave the nuts alone. Not a bit of it. Only if I get up from my desk does it clamber back on to the roof or on to the guttering. Once it left its tail hanging down and I tried to grab it. Some sixth sense must have warned it, for, though I did just touch the tail, it was whisked away before I could get a hold. Even that did not frighten it. Within a couple of minutes it was back again, head downwards, helping itself with its little hands to the nuts. Perhaps, one day, I shall get it to feed from my hand. It is almost as tame as that.

But no . . . I know better. This is not tameness. This is indifference: indifference bordering upon contempt. I am of less account than an old blind sheepdog.



The newly-constructed rock-and-water feature in Crystal Palace Park, in London, which has been built on the site of the artificial ravine constructed in Victorian times. More than 800 tons of rock have been used by the London County Council Parks Department in the construction of the waterfall, some from other parts of the grounds of the Crystal Palace and others from the Forest of Dean. About 120,000 gallons of water are pumped down the cascades each hour with a supplement of natural drainage from other parts of the Crystal Palace estate. The feature, which was opened at the end of May, has been planted with heathers, dwarf rhododendrons and azaleas

Harvesting in a field in which a wind-driven water pump stands above Compton Abdale, near Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire

SAILS IN THE COUNTRY

The harvest this year is late because of the weather and it may be some weeks before it is all gathered in. Generally, it is expected to be a good one. Practically all the grain will be milled by modern machines but there are a few old windmills which are still used. One of them is situated near Cross-in-Hand, in East Sussex. Local farmers take their grain to it and on a good day some 30 or 40 cwt. can be ground and crushed. The millwright is Mr. Sidney Ashdowne. His is a dying profession.

The chief difficulty in operating a windmill today is to find a craftsman skilled in repairing and maintaining it. Nevertheless, windmills remain a feature of the countryside in Sussex, Kent and East Anglia. Some are now dwellings. Others, like the Park Croft mill at Polegate, are the subject of preservation orders aimed to prevent them from being demolished. In the rest of the country the more common type of windmill is probably the smaller structure used for pumping water.

Park Croft windmill at Polegate

The windmill in which grain is still ground near the village of Cross-in-Hand, in Sussex

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Hell-Cat I shows her paces

The poor man's America's Cup would be an apt description of the International Catamaran Challenge Trophy. This is not meant to be derogatory in any sense, it merely implies that here is another trophy which is being fought for by two vessels, one each from the U.S.A. and Britain. The match, like its big brother, consists of seven races.

This trophy is of very recent origin, the second match is taking place next week in British waters, when the first return contest will be held under the burgee of the Thorpe Bay Yacht Club in the Thames Estuary, for in this case the British craft is the defender.

The contest is the consequence of a challenge which was issued by John Fisk, a leading British catamaran helmsman at the end of 1959, to Bob Harris, the American designer of *Tiger Cat*, then the fastest twin-hulled craft in America. The arrangements for a match were eventually made between the Eastern Multihull Sailing Association of America and Fisk's club, the Chapman Sands Sailing Club. The terms were agreed for the contest to be held in American waters. The craft to be used conformed to the dimensions chosen by the I.Y.R.U. for the new catamaran to be developed as the fastest two-man vessel.

John Fisk won the match by winning four races and losing only one a year ago. His catamaran was *Hell-Cat II*, and he was crewed by her brilliant designer Roderick MacAlpine-Downie. This victory was clearly the result of good sailing, and without a doubt, to superior design. Macalpine-Downie had by then taken the lead as a designer in this field, and all his designs, *Thai* and the Y.W. Catamaran, proved themselves the fastest. He had put a great deal of work and time into *Hell-Cat*, and when the challenge from America for a return match to be sailed arrived, it was not surprising that he declined to produce yet another new craft. *Hell-Cat II* meanwhile was available for study in America, where she had been sold.

Having accepted the challenge for the return match, it became necessary to find a defender. John Fisk placed all his hopes into a new design by F. M. Montgomery, the *Flying Rocket*. The test came with the R.Y.A. One-of-a-kind Catamaran Races held at the end of August. This series, in which these large catamarans had a class to themselves, was to take the place of selection trials to choose the defender.

Partly hampered by teething troubles, *Flying Rocket* put up a very disappointing performance, while a Cinderella gained a sparkling victory over the field. This was *Hell-Cat I*, the superseded prototype of the last winner. She had been bought by a keen admirer of her designer's talent, Mr. A. R. Holloway, re-rigged by Macalpine-Downie, and fitted with new sails by Austin Farrar. Ian Norris, who sailed her, is a promising young helmsman, having won the championship of two different catamaran classes, before being taken to America as spare helmsman for the first challenge.

During the One-of-a-kind series *Hell-Cat I* and her helmsman showed their mettle, and their supremacy was firmly established, beyond anybody's doubt. She won every race, by wide margins, in a wide variety of weather conditions.

It is impossible to forecast the result of the match. There is no doubt that the Americans have gone to great trouble to find a fast boat. They have had *Hell-Cat II* at their disposal as a trial horse, and the challenger was chosen by exhaustive trials from a number of contenders.

The challenger, which was flown over a few days ago, is *Beverley*, owned by Van Alan Clark, Junr., of Marion, Massachusetts. She is being sailed by William G. Saltonstall, who has won the North American Catamaran Championship. Her designer is the same Bob Harris, who received the first British challenge in 1959.

A recent Anglo-American contest. The Royal Navy and the U.S. Navy compete for the Read Cup off the Isle of Wight. Winners were the Royal Navy

Hell-Cat I in training to defend the International Catamaran Trophy against America

Catamaran photographs by F. J. Armes

Old houses in the picturesque town of Soest

A paved street with a belfry at the end of it in Arnsberg, a typical Sauerland community

TRAVEL

THE LAND THOUSAND

By **GORDO**

Sometimes in my travels in Europe I come across some region which seems to have escaped the eagle eyes of travel agents, where one can still find the unfeigned peace of nature. Amid the mountains of the Sauerland I found this precious peace: a land of tranquil contemplation.

The Sauerland stretches from the Sieg and Westerwald in the south, to the Ruhr and the Möhne in the north; in the west the mountains descend towards the Rhine in the Bergische Land and in the east, to the mountain country of Kurhessen and Waldeck (see *The Sphere*, March 3, 1962).

The countryside is hilly, hence its title of the "Land of a Thousand Mountains," but these wooded heights also have their narrow, wild and gorgelike valleys, which in parts are flanked by sheer cliffs. In many places there are various ancient forges and mills; and away from the villages there are foresters' houses and isolated farms. All over the country the landscape has preserved its original nature.

In the Sauerland the only resort of importance is Winterberg, on its eastern border with Waldeck. It is a charming little town, typical of the district, the highest-lying town (2,300 ft.), and it has gained fame as a winter sports resort. But it is also very delightful in summer, not only as a base for excursions by car but also for the woodland rambles which can be made in the nearby Kahle Asten. There are many marked footpaths in the Sauerland.

The ever-increasing industrialisation of the nearby Ruhr has brought about the construction of a number of dams, the resulting artificial lakes providing pleasant holiday areas, with facilities for bathing and boating. The Möhne, of course, is an immortal name because of the R.A.F. "dam-busters" during the war.

The cultural centre and gateway to the Sauerland is Hagen, largest city of the area. Some miles to the east is Dechenhöhle, where there is one of the most beautiful German stalactite caverns. But there are many other interesting underground caves in this region, including those in the Honnetal, where there are memorials of the earliest stages of human culture, and the Kluterhöhle, whose cavern, two miles long, is one of the largest in Western Germany. A visit to this cavern is said to have a good effect on asthma and bronchial complaints.

On entering the Sauerland, possibly by car —the best way of exploring the countryside— a first night's halt might be made at Altena, in the Lenne Valley. It is a pleasant town, dominated by a medieval castle, now a museum. It also contains the original youth hostel. Its extremely primitive conditions would hardly appeal to the modern youngster. There is now a much superior hostel available. German youth hostels in general are probably the best in Europe, and many of them are housed in castles and other historic buildings.

Not far from Altena, there is the Köhlberghaus, a pleasant hotel in which to stay for a restful holiday and from which there are fine panoramic views. But my first holiday recommendation is Winterberg, a winter and summer resort. I was particularly enchanted with this place on account of my lodging at the Haus im Wald, a most excellent small hotel radiating comfort and friendliness. Apart from walks, there are facilities in the resort

OF A MOUNTAINS

OOPER

for such recreations as tennis, riding, swimming and mini-golf.

Strangely enough, high up in the woods near Winterberg and off the beaten track, is the Astenturm. Here, indeed, there is utter peace. But, beside the limited hotel accommodation, this Gasthaus provides fine cooking, an irreproachable wine list, and a most cordial proprietor (and chef) who has cooked for many distinguished persons, including Eisenhower, Montgomery, Adenauer, Trotsky (back in 1928), Kaiser Wilhelm and Queen Wilhelmina. My own garnished steak certainly left nothing to be desired, nor did the good Moselle wine.

I would also like to make a special mention of the Gasthof Wiese at Jagdhaus, which is a small hamlet set amid the woods of the Upper Sauerland. It, too, offers everything the discriminating traveller seeks.

In this world of the Sauerland, there are several other small villages (but hardly resorts) where I consider it would be pleasant to stay. I give a list of hotel recommendations at the end of this article.

There is one excursion, just outside the Sauerland, which should be made: to Soest. This is a very picturesque town, with half-timbered houses and some beautiful churches. Among the latter I found particularly attractive the Wiesenkirche, a fine flamboyant-Gothic style church of the fourteenth century, with interesting paintings on glass of the sixteenth century, the church of Maria zur Höhe, with mural paintings, the massive Romanesque church of St. Patroclus, and the Dom, an early Romanesque-style church of the twelfth century. And if you wish to lunch in Soest choose Im Walden Mann, an inn dating from 1618.

Legend tells that after the suppression of the Saxons Charlemagne heaved a great sigh in the territory of the Ruhr, saying "This was a sour land for me!" But the Sauerland is really the "Southern Land," the south land of Westphalia. But to the modern traveller it would appear to be a grave, silent land—this land of a thousand mountains, a land of far-stretching forests, a land that has a character all its own.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

German Tourist Information Bureau, 61, *Conduit Street*, *W*.1.

There are also tourist information offices in Altena and Winterberg.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

ALTENA	Märkischer Hof, and in the neighbourhood Köhlberghaus
JAGDHAUS	Gasthof Wiese*
FREDERBERG ...	Zur Post
OBERKIRCHEN ...	Schütte*
NORDENAU	Gnacker and Krone
SCHMALLENBURG ...	Stürmann
ALASTENBERG ...	Mürchen
HENNASEE	Hennasee
DELECKE	Möhnesee
HOHER KNOCHEN ...	Berghotel Hoher Knochen
RIMBERG	Knoche*
BILSTEIN	Post*
WINTERBERG ...	Haus im Wald*

* *indicates special recommendation.*

The medieval castle, which is now a museum, dominates Altena

BY SEA, LAND AND AIR

The *Andes* is probably the most popular of the winter cruise ships, and so the announcement that four spring cruises have been arranged by the Royal Mail Lines in the Mediterranean and the Caribbean will be welcomed. The first cruise starts on March 9 for the Caribbean. The twenty-three-day voyage will include calls at Martinique, Barbados, Antigua and Madeira, with fares from £138. On April 2 the *Andes* sails to the Mediterranean, calling at Casablanca, Genoa, Ajaccio and Vigo. Fares for this fifteen-day cruise range from £90. The next cruise on April 19 lasts twenty-five days, for which the minimum fare is £150. Ports of call will be Bermuda, Port Everglades and San Juan, in Puerto Rico. The last cruise of the series leaves Southampton on May 15, calling at Gibraltar, Iraklion, Beirut and Barcelona. The cheapest rate for this twenty-one-day cruise is £126.

A programme of earlier cruises has also been arranged by the P. & O.-Orient Lines. The *Orcades* will leave on the first cruise from London on April 11 and visit Madeira, Teneriffe and Casablanca before returning on April 27 to Southampton. On April 28 the same vessel leaves for a fourteen-day cruise to the Mediterranean.

The *Iberia* begins its cruise programme on May 17 for a fourteen-day voyage from Southampton to Naples, Corfu and Lisbon. Prices range from £102 first class, to £61 second class.

An attractive facility is available in Paris at the Gare de Lyon. Passengers arriving in the morning up to 1.45 p.m. can get a taxi immediately on leaving the train. The booking can be made on payment of approximately 3s. at the same time as the seat reservations at any station office or travel agent in France. This will save the interminable wait which often confronts travellers round about 9 a.m. in the morning when trains from the south all seem to arrive at once.

The new express service from London to Nigeria introduced by B.O.A.C. and Nigerian Airways on October 12 will save three hours on the previous timing. It will only take 7 hrs. 50 mins. by Boeing 707 jet-liners from London to Lagos.

A very large new hotel has been opened at Melbourne, Australia. The 435-room Southern Cross Hotel boasts that every bedroom has a private bath. Room rates range from £7 4s. double, or from £4 single. Guests will be able to arrive at the basement car park, where they will be received at a special reception desk and be taken by lift direct to their room.

W. D. C. C.

BOOKS

ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW

Four novels about political oppression; and two books for children

The work of Miss Barbara Comyns fits into no cosy category; it is identified with no school of thought and is contemporary only for the reason that the author herself lives in our present day. THE SKIN CHAIRS (Heinemann. 18s.) is her new novel and it proves itself, as did its predecessors, the work of a wholly original writer who gives no obeisance to a particular literary tradition but makes out extraordinarily well in her own terms. Miss Comyns has written here about a family of young children and their suddenly widowed mother — a charming, impractical, loving creature—who are obliged to move into a small house in a horsy county and accept the intolerable patronage of a great-aunt. They all survive to see the aunt's virtual eclipse and to make a happier home for themselves but, in the meantime, their changed circumstances, as narrated by one of the girl children, make poignant and sometimes amusing reading, always pervaded by the true simplicity of a child's point of view, even in a recital of most adult matters.

It is a sign of the times that four novels in one week's count deal with various aspects of political oppression and that each of them has evidently been inspired and written from sincere conviction. Take, for instance, THE DARK TRIBUNAL (Hutchinson. 18s.), in which Miss Kay Heriot has, for the subject of her first novel, the distorting influence of Nazi ideology on a small group of sensitive and intellectually mature people. The survivors among them are visited, long after the war, by an American woman who falls in love with a middle-aged art historian and shocks her other German friends who still believe in a Gestapo story about the man's perfidy. Strong stuff, and sympathetically imagined but by no means cheering reading.

Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury, on the other hand, has written about Stalin's Russia but has given pride of place to a single Russian woman of the old order and a single city of enduring vitality. Leningrad was the Northern Palmyra built by Peter the Great, and THE NORTHERN PALMYRA AFFAIR (Hutchinson. 21s.) is Mr. Salisbury's portrait of what he has called a Hero City and a Hero People. His own knowledge of Russia goes deep and has inspired the best passages in a novel which contains some superb characterisation, some bathos and a genuine, if not consistently effective, hymn of praise to a people's courage and dedication.

THE EXILES (Faber. 18s.) is, for no immediately obvious reason, far closer to a reader's conception of a novel which shall be both serious in intent and entertaining in manner. Mr. Albert J. Guerard has chosen a Caribbean country not a thousand miles

BRECHT ON BRECHT, an anthology of the work of the celebrated German playwright, at the Royal Court Theatre. **Left:** George Devine (inside the dummy) and Norman Rossington in the item called "Does Man Help Man?" from *The Baden Didactic Plays*. **Right:** Lotte Lenya, who worked with Brecht, with Valerie Gearon (left). Miss Lenya's renderings of the playwright's inimitably bitter popular songs like "Sourabaya Johnny," are high spots in the show

It is fittingly ironic that the first attempt to record the public acts of a politician as paradoxical as Harold Macmillan should be performed by a stalwart of the Labour Party. MACMILLAN, PORTRAIT OF A POLITICIAN (George Allen and Unwin. 25s.), by Emrys Hughes, recounts the Prime Minister's progress from Tory rebel of the '30's to key figure of his party's establishment in the '50's. Although saying little that is new or profound, it is a useful compilation of Press cuttings, speeches and pronouncements on one man's career, linked together by an entertaining narrative. If one accepts that the perspective is somewhat distorted by Mr. Hughes' view that Macmillan is really a Socialist *manqué*, a man of the Left who fell by the wayside, this should be enjoyed by students of current British politics.

A more serious historical document, perhaps, is Richard Nixon's SIX CRISES (W. H. Allen. 35s.), in which he considers at prosy length various turning points in his career from the prominent part he played in the prosecution of Alger Hiss back in 1948 to the election campaign of 1960 which so nearly saw him to the White House. The intervening "crises" are the Fund Speech of the election campaign in 1952, in which he defended himself against accusations of receiving bribes; President Eisenhower's heart attacks; and two tricky international moments—among hostile, spitting crowds in Caracas and in a kitchen in Moscow with Mr. Khruschev. On occasion he writes very well, especially when recounting the dramatic interrogations of the controversial Hiss case. But it is too often weighed down with turgid stuff about decision-making in moments of great crisis, inner doubts, and so on. Thus even after 400 pages or so Nixon remains an unsympathetic character, who writes about himself with a complete lack of humour.

STUDIES IN POLITICS

A life of Macmillan; and Nixon's memoirs

The story of how Napoleon III of France and Francis Joseph of Austria attempted to exploit the civil war in the U.S.A. by setting up their own puppet Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico is one that deserves a book of its own. A. R. Tyrner-Tyrnauer, in LINCOLN AND THE EMPERORS (Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.), tells the story well enough, with its dramatic highlights of Lincoln's murder, and the eventual execution of poor Maximilian at the hands of the Mexican popular leader Juarez. The author perhaps overrates the importance of his subject; there were other greater factors in the fall of the Second Empire, for example. But there are a number of well-drawn portraits, and some interesting documentary evidence supporting the political influence of Empress Eugénie, the importance of whom most modern historians tend to discount.

Two important studies of nineteenth-century scientists are among this week's new books. ALFRED NOBEL (Nelson. 30s.), by Erik Bergengren, is a comprehensive biography translated from the Swedish of a man who might be considered the prototype of the international Swede of this century. Mr. Bergengren brings out the curiously conflicting elements in the personality of the man, the inventor of Guhr dynamite who left the world a great Peace prize, the multi-millionaire businessman who wrote poetry and said he held socialist views. The picture that emerges of a grim, lonely man, much afflicted with pain, cursing his own explosives "which have sunk to infamous instruments of murder," has the makings of real tragedy.

SIR GEORGE CAYLEY'S AERONAUTICS, 1796-1855 (H.M.S.O. 30s.), a Science Museum Handbook by C. H. Gibbs-Smith, is a very different sort of book, dealing only with the technical development of a famous scientist, who is now internationally recognised as the true inventor of the modern aeroplane and the founder of the science of aerodynamics. This fully documented and illustrated book, which traces the quest for devices to get man off the ground from the "ornithopter" to the tri-plane glider, provides a real feast for aero-enthusiasts.

The Connoisseur New Guides continue their series with ANTIQUE ENGLISH SILVER AND PLATE and ENGLISH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, *Tudor-Early Victorian*, published by The Connoisseur at 30s. each. This prolific firm have also produced a large and handsome volume called THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANTIQUES (The Connoisseur. 84s.), which embraces the subject matter of the New Guides, and a great deal else besides. All three books are edited by L. G. G. Ramsey, the Editor of *The Connoisseur*, and have an impressive list of expert contributors.

Lastly, the most sumptuous book of this week or most other weeks is Martyn Green's TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Michael Joseph. 5 gns.). With colourful illustrations by Lucille Corcos, this contains the complete librettos of the best eleven of the immortal operettas, accompanied by comments on their history and how to stage and perform them by Mr. Green, one of the most famous of the D'Oyly Carte performers. Savoyards will be glad that *The Sorcerer* is included, with its little known but delightful mixture of witchery, country bumpkins and flageolet-playing clergymen.

M. K. Whiteman

removed in political or natural climate from the Dominican Republic, and has given us the story of a journalist inquiring into the fate of one of its great men, a distinguished and influential poet who has been banished or has escaped to nearby Haiti and exists there in fantastic but oddly credible conditions. The author's strength lies in the vividness with which he has evoked this character and in the authority with which he has imposed a semi-nightmare world on our imaginations.

The tyranny described in Mr. Edgar Pangborn's book, THE TRIAL OF CALLISTA BLAKE (Peter Davies. 21s.), is implicit in a moral attitude observable, according to the terms of the story, in a north-eastern American state within a 300-mile radius of New York City—and in the year 1959. A nineteen-year-old girl is on trial for the murder of her lover's wife. She is innocent but doomed, since not only is the body of evidence against her but also her own nature, her aloofness, her incalculable attraction for men, her atheism and her inability to compromise. She is, in a way, on trial as a witch before a jury and an audience, as well as a majority of witnesses, who fear and are angered by what they fail to understand. Powerful stuff, of which Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner has written: "In this country any defendant in a murder case where the evidence shows philandering may well be convicted of adultery and punished for murder." One can only trust, without being too pharisaical, that what might be possible in New England would be impossible here.

Twenty-three-year-old Miss Diane Giguère has won an important literary prize in her own country of Canada for her novel, INNOCENCE (Gollancz. 16s.), which has been gracefully and perceptively translated from the French by Mr. Peter Green. It is the story of an ex-actress, Jeanne, who works in a café as night cashier and shares a flat with her young illegitimate daughter, Céline, a purposeless anguished girl who seduces her mother's last lover as much from *ennui* as from spite, and shares with her mother only an unacknowledged desire for affection. The overtones of the story are both sordid and tragic, but through it runs the faintest thread of hope and, even more strongly and clearly, the fact of a born writer's accomplishments.

IN THE NAME OF THE SON (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is by M. Hervé Bazin, member of the Académie Goncourt, poet, critic, journalist and novelist. His novel is concerned with a man's relationships with his children, and particularly with his youngest, whom he rightly suspects is not his own son. Not even M. Bazin's sensitive sincerity can make the father's agonised preoccupation with the boy anything but a painful subject, though some of the comments are wonderfully acute and the writing, as always, taut and to the point. The translation has been admirably done by Mr. Richard Howard.

The period of Miss Gillian Avery's novel, THE GREATEST GRESHAM (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is 1891 but the children in it are the same inventive, touching, optimistic creatures who might equally have belonged to the Bastable family or to our own acquaintances. Here is an author who not only understands children, as so many claim to do, but appreciates them and has the gift of conveying their points of view. I found this an enchanting book; refreshing and eminently sane.

Henry VII, first of the Tudor kings, was the grandson of a couple as romantic as any history has known, for Katherine of Valois was the gentle young widow of the great Henry V, and it was she who became the secret wife of a handsome Welsh soldier, Owen Tudor. THE THIRTEENTH CHILD (Faber. 13s. 6d.) is Mrs. Antonia Ridge's delightful tale of their love story and of its dynastic results.

Vernon Fane

Siegfried (Wolfgang Windgassen) discovers the sleeping form of Brünnhilde (Birgit Nilsson) on the top of her mountain

SIEGFRIED

at The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

Brünnhilde greets the sun as she awakes. **Above right:** Mime (Gerhard Stolz), the scheming dwarf who has brought up Siegfried in his smithy. **Below:** Wotan (David Ward) warns Siegfried at the foot of the mountain

The Royal Opera House continue their noble attack on Wagner's mammoth tetralogy of *Der Ring des Niebelungen*, with the third opera, the story of how the young Siegfried finds Brünnhilde on her mountain, after having obtained the accursed Ring. This symbol of the power of gold, stolen by the dwarfs, has been in the care of Fafner, the dragon, who is slain by Siegfried in the second act. Powerfully produced by Hans Hotter, and conducted with attractive vigour by Georg Solti, the opera's sublime climax of "The Siegfried Idyll" is given ample justice by Wolfgang Windgassen and Birgit Nilsson, the well-known Swedish soprano. The scenery by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen is suitably powerful, being based on a central symbolic ring, which is used both as Fafner's lair and Brünnhilde's resting-place.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Francis Portal

Sir Francis Portal is chairman and managing director of Portals Ltd. which is celebrating its 250th anniversary this year. For most of the time, in fact since 1724, this remarkable family company has been making banknote paper for the Bank of England. The map, in front of which Sir Francis is standing, shows the various countries throughout the world for which banknotes are now printed on paper manufactured at the company's mills at Whitchurch, Hampshire—a total of 101 different currency issues. Francis Spencer Portal was born in 1903 and educated at Winchester; Christ Church, Oxford; and McGill University, Montreal. He has been a member of Portals since 1924 and became chairman and managing director in 1949. Sir Francis succeeded his father to the baronetcy in 1955. In the Second World War he served as a captain in the Welsh Guards, Guards Armoured Division. In recent years, under his chairmanship, Portals has expanded in several directions, including control of the largest organisation in the world for the production of water treatment plants and services. Sir Francis is a director of the Royal Exchange Assurance and Wiggins Teape and Co. Ltd. He has two sons and three daughters; his home is at Ashe, near Basingstoke. Next year he will be High Sheriff of Hampshire. He describes his hobbies as miscellaneous

COUPONS AND TRADING STAMPS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Back in the '30's, as a boy, I remember seeing one of those comedies without which no cinema programme was then complete, but which have since sadly disappeared, in which the hero—was it Buster Keaton?—arrived with his huge bundle of cigarette coupons in order to collect the largest prize on the list—a large motor-car? His bundle was so large that its numbers were assessed by weight, not counting. Unfortunately, after being weighed the bundle was somehow set ablaze, no doubt by a cigarette-end. And as our hero was being presented with his prize, and the congratulations of the president of the company, the bundle burned away, to reveal, hidden in the centre, a large anvil. . . .

If you had shown that film to schoolchildren a few years ago—schoolchildren, nowadays, being the only audiences lucky enough ever to see revivals of those short comedies—they would probably have laughed; but a fairly large number of them wouldn't have had the slightest idea what was really going on. British schoolchildren knew back in the '30's, though. There can have been few homes in which some utensil, ornament, or piece of furniture hadn't come as a gift from coupons. The first wireless set my own home ever had that looked remotely like a modern one, as against certain impressive ebonite articles with earphones, came from Summit coupons.

But in 1938 that all came to an end. Manufacturers, who were getting wholly enmeshed in the business of their special kind of mail-order business, called a truce; they decided to get back into the business of simply making and selling cigarettes. War would no doubt have swept away this commercial superstructure anyway (though, considering the quality and price of some cigarettes during the war, they could certainly have used something to make them more desirable). And until five years ago, the manufacturers' agreement not to get back into the gift coupon business held firm.

But in 1956 the Tobacco Trades Association, under whose auspices this particular agreement happened to hold good, was abandoned as a result of the coming into force of the Restrictive Practices Act. And one significant cigarette manufacturer, which happened to be doing rather badly, bethought itself of happier times when one was competing not simply with aroma, taste, filters and advertising, but also with what smoking your brand might later put on to the smoker's mantelpiece. Kensitas took the plunge back into the coupons and free gift form of selling.

And its *récherche du temps perdu* was a fruitful one. When it began it was losing money; the rest of the trade was sceptical, arguing that the buying circumstances of the '30's couldn't as well as shouldn't be re-created. But Kensitas has turned a loss into a profit of £2,500,000 a year; its share of the market has gone up to 5 per cent. A couple of other brands have tried coupon schemes, too; but one was abandoned. And last month the Imperial Tobacco group, through its Wills subsidiary, introduced a new brand, Embassy, which will follow Kensitas's example. Philip Morris introduced a slightly curious deviant: it is going to give away a penny football coupon with every ten cigarettes.

Whether these first cautious moves may herald bigger campaigns, and maybe the coupon war that most cigarette manufacturers look back to with considerable dislike, remains to be seen. But the idea of free gifts as a reward for spending on a particular brand or at a particular retailer has come back quite fast in other spheres since the war. We are beginning to be offered stamps by garages, dry cleaners, and many food shops—particularly those who do not normally make a feature of "special price offers." Few of the stamps are specifically related to the particular shop; though the number of grocers or garages, say, offering any one kind of stamp in a given area will normally be limited.

This is indeed the object of the trading stamp exercise. The schemes are a kind of collective free gift coupon scheme for small business operating at the retail level, which couldn't afford to organise its own gift schemes. And it is used mainly by the small independent shopkeeper, who can't afford either to cut prices on his "loss leaders" to the extent that the supermarket round the corner, or the multiple chain, can and does.

Such independent shops have been suffering severely from the competition of new concentrations in the retail trade during the last five years or so; partly because the bigger organisations are large enough to afford elaborate savings in efficiency, and partly because they have big enough pockets to cut prices harder than any small man can. But the development has brought forth some counter-attacks. The voluntary chain, where wholesalers offer better discounts, management advice, and sometimes special brands, is one. Trading stamp schemes represent another.

The shop which gives the housewife stamps to the face value of her purchase obtains these stamps from the trading stamp company for a tiny commission on his turnover. Eventually, the housewife who has collected enough passes them back to the stamp firm. She gets in return a gift which is free to her, but which cost the stamp company a good deal less than the amount paid by the retailer for the number of stamps that she hands in. In between—and on the pretty considerable "wastage" of stamps that must never be handed in?—the trading stamp company makes its turn on the business. Everybody is happy.

Not always as happy, one might argue, as the supermarket and the shopper there who got the same goods for less money? That can only be decided in commercial practice. And it is fair to say that in the United States, where this counter-attack on the supermarkets' advance has been going much longer than here, the practice of giving stamps is now spreading to the supermarkets themselves. The small independent shops in England, again, get some guarantees with the assistance: one of the stamp firms, for example, lets them have the coupons free until they have achieved a given increase in their turnover from the time they started giving stamps.

Not all small traders agree that this is an effective defence against bigness in the retail business. The National Grocers' Federation, for example, thinks that the increases in turnover that it often can assist initially will soon be swallowed up when other retailers in the area go in for other stamp schemes. This may well be. Equally, the supermarkets and chains here may follow their small competitors into stamp trading, too. But for a time, until the stamp schemes get as thick on the ground as small shops, shops going in for them do seem to think they bring substantial trading benefits.

It seems rather doubtful whether one is going to return to a gift war—by retailers of branded goods, in this way, as well as by some manufacturers. But it would be unwise to be too sure. Few sectors of British business have encountered more radical, and fairly rapid change, in the last five or ten years than this final job of selling the products of industry to you and me. It would be silly to imagine that those changes are all over yet.

A general view of work in progress on the diesel locomotive maintenance depot at the new Tinsley Marshalling Yard, in Sheffield. **Below:** During the construction of Shepcote Lane bridge at the west end of the new yard. This concrete bridge has been lengthened to span the new yard. It is also being widened to carry four railway tracks instead of two. The scheme, which is expected to be complete by the end of 1964, is the Eastern Region's answer to the problem of co-ordinating the work at present carried out in eleven marshalling yards, four goods stations and five motive power depots in the Sheffield area, concentrated under the Eastern Region in 1957

Hot metal is poured into moulds after being melted in the cupolas in the Thames foundry at Dagenham, where some 70,000 castings are produced daily

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE FORD WORKS

at Dagenham, Essex

Dredging cylinder blocks from the casting lines. The castings are removed from the mould by special hook carriers suspended from a monorail conveyor

The Ford factory at Dagenham covers an area of 560 acres, which includes its own wharf, blast furnace, coke ovens, power house, gas production plant and foundry. This last was completed in 1958. It is one of the most up to date in the world and cost about £8,000,000. A new addition to the foundry is now in course of construction and will cost another £7,500,000. In the Dagenham foundries, some 70,000 castings, with a total weight of 550 tons, are produced daily.

In the foundry, castings are removed from the moulds on the casting line by special hook carriers suspended from a monorail conveyor. This conveyor then delivers them to the ancillary buildings, where they are cooled for approximately three hours before being returned to the main building for cleaning. They are then passed on to the machine shops. Meanwhile, smaller parts are examined for quality and measurement in the standards room before joining the assembly lines. The grading of engine parts then takes place. Pistons and connecting rods are weighed in sets before being assembled in the cylinder bores. Torque spanners, which have been accurately calibrated to the design engineer's specification and which are driven by electric or pneumatic power, are used to tighten studs, bolts and nuts—sometimes eighteen at once. After assembly the engines are transferred to test beds to ensure smooth running.

In the standards room a crown wheel is examined for quality and measurement

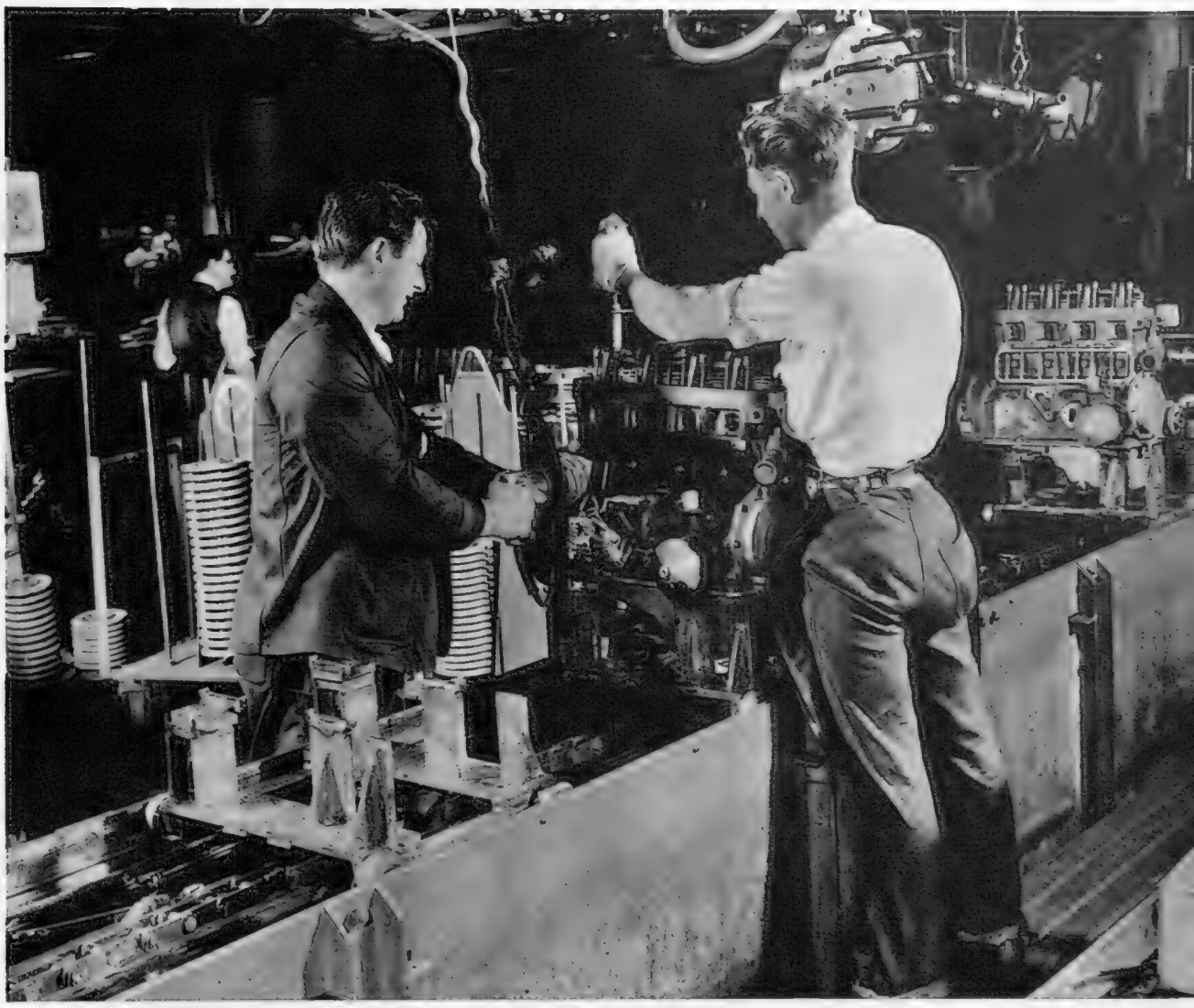
From the press shops come the various types of panels needed for body construction. Then follow the many activities of the body assembly shops, where the underbody, side frames and roof are assembled before being brought forward to the framing bucks to form the main body shells to which are added doors, etc. After the bodies, metal-finished and ready for painting, have been passed from the body group by an overhead conveyor to the paint, trim and assembly building, they are automatically fed into one of the paint systems on the upper

(*Continued on page 438*)

One of the panels for the new Consul Cortina is seen coming from one of th roofs, door panels, quarter panels, hoods, fenders and the hundreds of other pane

Transferring a Zodiac 6-cylinder engine from the assembly line to the test-bed

resses in the huge press shops, where the steel equired for body construction are manufactured



Zephyr 4 engines are assembled on one of the engine assembly lines. Grading of parts takes place on specially-installed equipment and measuring apparatus. Pistons and connecting rods are weighed in sets before being assembled

A Zephyr 6 body is lowered on to the already-assembled engine, the front and rear suspensions and the transmission. This occurs in the paint, trim and assembly building after the car bodies have been metal finished, painted, and fitted with the interior trim, such as upholstery and instruments

THE FORD WORKS

(*Continued from page 436*)

floor. When the phosphating, underbody dip, priming and painting operations are completed, the bodies are lowered to the ground floor, where they pass through one of the trim systems. They then meet the mechanised units which have been received from other manufacturing groups and have been assembled on separate conveyor lines.

Farther along the main assembly line the road wheels are fitted. Throughout the assembly operations a control system, incorporating a teleprint service, ensures that the correct sub-assembly, such as engine, gearbox, wheels and tyres, arrives at the assembly point for the right body at the right time. The final operation in the assembly building is a sales acceptance inspection in the Preparation for Sales Area.

The total number of employees at Ford factories in Britain is 55,000: 2,400 vehicles a day are being produced by them this year; by the end of 1963 this figure will be around 3,700 per day. The 6,000,000th vehicle to be produced by Ford of Britain came off the line this year. Since the end of the war their products have contributed some £1,000,000,000 to Britain's balance of payments.

Cars produced range from the Anglia, the Consul Classic and the Consul Capri to the Zephyr and Zodiac. The latest Ford introduction is the Consul Cortina: 10,000 of these have already been produced.

Farther along the main assembly line the road wheels are fitted. A control system ensures correct arrival at the assembly point

Complete Ford cars, ranging from the Anglia to t including the new Consul Cortina, await dispatch to

The final operation in the assembly building—a sales acceptance inspection is performed on one of the new Consul Cortina cars which have just been introduced to the public. **Below:** Loading cars on to a vessel at the 1,800-ft.-long Ford Wharf on the Thames-side at Dagenham

iac Mk. III and
s of the world

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

I have often been known to object to substitutes, short-cuts, and especially the so-called " convenience foods " which have appeared in our shops recently. In case my readers have not come across the latter, I must explain that this term, presumably of American origin, covers such things as ready-prepared and frozen meals. We also have all kinds of substitutes, such as custard powder, artificial cream, ice-cream unrelated to cream, synthetic flavourings and colourings to mention only a few. It is not surprising, therefore, if I look with a certain amount of suspicion at anything that might not be genuine.

On the other hand, there are occasions when I am cooking, especially if my time is limited, that I grudge the time spent in carrying out certain ancillary operations. It can be tedious to have to peel and cut up an onion, when all that is wanted is a very gentle hint of onion flavour, such as I like to add to my *petits pois à la Française*. The ideal would be to cook just one or two spring onions with the peas, but they are only sold in large bunches. Or I might want to make some orange sauce to go with roast duck during the weekend when the shops are shut, and there are no oranges in the house. I know that so-called " essences " can be bought in bottles, but in the majority of cases they are synthetic, and the flavour they impart is not the true one.

I have found a much better solution to such problems in the flavours enclosed in minute soluble gelatine capsules and marketed under the name of " Flavorfare." At present a set of six flavours are marketed in separate containers mounted in one box: Clove, Onion, Garlic, Lemon, Orange and Vanilla. None of these is synthetic. In each case the genuine essential oils are extracted and these remain completely stable when hermetically enclosed in the capsules. I have been using these and find them most satisfactory. My only complaint has been, that one uses some of the flavours more frequently than the others, and so my little jar of onion capsules was empty, while I have hardly touched the vanilla ones. I understand from the firm marketing this product, Messrs. J. Short and Kitson Company, that they will have shortly available the individual flavours separately, in slightly larger glass jars. The present set of six jars costs around 7s. in most grocers, and is a remarkably useful standby in any kitchen. Not only are these capsules useful, but I have great confidence in their purity, for I have visited the factory where they are made.

The interior of the Fisherman's Wharf Restaurant

The capsules are made with the purest ingredients, with the greatest possible precision and care under ideal conditions by a firm which is the most important specialist in manufacturing such capsules.

The superb catering " know-how " of the J. Lyons organisation has made their first venture in a new field, the Fisherman's Wharf Restaurant in Brompton Road, an immediate success. Opened only a few months ago, it is now essential to book a table, and when I was there recently, it was full of well-known people.

This is not surprising, for the décor is calm and tasteful, the service friendly and highly efficient, and the menu, consisting entirely of fish and shellfish, varied and interesting. Dover sole and turbot dominate the list, and in addition to the straightforward preparations, either of these can be ordered cooked in sixteen classical ways.

Trout and salmon when in season, lobster, crab, and the ubiquitous and popular scampi, are done in all the usual forms. There are a number of original speciality dishes, and a large selection of " appetisers," including oysters, smoked salmon, caviar, in fact, anything one can think of. Gerald Charles, the young chef who is in charge of the kitchen, is the product of Lyons' training, but he has also worked in a fish restaurant in Denmark before he took over at the Fisherman's Wharf.

We had whitebait to start our dinner, and it was perfectly cooked, crisp and full of flavour. My companion had " Sole Gerald Charles " to follow. This original by the chef is sole on the bone cooked *à la Meunière*, sprinkled with almonds, currants and parsley. I had Lobster Newburg, which was well done in the classical manner.

I am determined to try another speciality next time, which caught my eye on the menu: Fisherman's Platter. It is described thus: For two hungry Sea-Dogs (two persons) Melon, followed by a delicious collation of choice sea foods prepared in a variety of ways, including turbot, scampi and sole. The wine list is short, but representative of the best-known types of white wines and a few reds and *rosés*. We had a crisp 1959 Pouilly Fumé, faultlessly served.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SUPERMARKETS

By " THE SPHERE " CITY CORRESPONDENT

The decision by Great Universal Stores to move into the supermarket business represents an important step in development of retailing in Britain. Under Sir Isaac Wolfson as chairman, G.U.S. has become one of the biggest distribution firms in this country, but so far has had only a small interest in food sales. This interest is confined to mail order selling—the G.U.S. group is one of the largest mail order businesses in Britain—and through certain department stores, such as Jones and Higgins in London.

Two features emerge from Sir Issac Wolfson's move—which is being achieved by a bid for Cussons, a privately-owned Hull company which operates some sixty food shops. The first is that G.U.S. clearly regards supermarkets as a profitable means of expansion. The second feature is that to achieve this expansion G.U.S. will probably have to merge with one of the existing super-market groups, if only to acquire skilled management.

Sir Isaac and his co-directors have clearly been impressed by the expansion in supermarkets over recent years. In 1957 only about 100 were operating in Britain, but now the total is more than 800. Supermarkets are essentially self-service stores, offering a wide range of commodities as opposed to foodstuffs offered by most self-service shops.

A large number of supermarkets are already controlled by leading food groups. Mr. Garfield Weston's Associated British Foods operate Fine Fare, while Express Dairy operate the Premier chain. The British supermarket industry is also being invaded by American groups. These include Safeway Stores, who are forming a link with John Gardner, who control eight supermarkets in South England.

The large food units should be able to hold their own against competition, but the more intriguing possibilities lie with the medium-size specialist supermarket groups. These have attracted a good deal of City interest, partly because of their rapid expansion in recent years and partly now because they may also draw Sir Isaac's attention. Best known of these supermarket groups is Tesco Stores, headed by Mr. J. E. Cohen. Tesco operate about 200 shops and supermarkets in London and the South, and have recently acquired some 200 shops in North-West England through the take-over of John Irwin. Profits, which were less than £100,000 only ten years ago, are now approaching £2,000,000. Ten years ago Tesco shareholders were receiving no dividend but are now being paid a 22½ per cent. rate following a series of free share issues. Tesco have also moved into the discount stores business, selling a wide range of consumer goods.

Other main groups operating supermarkets is London Grocers, who control the Victor Value chain with some 250 branches. Though this group's growth record does not quite match Tesco's, expansion has been impressive. Trading profits have quadrupled in the last eight years, while shareholders have received a 25 per cent. dividend since 1959, after three successive free share issues. Last year's profits suffered from the integration of Swettenham's business into the group, which produced a heavy fall in that company's profits. Against this, Mr. I. V. Cummings told shareholders that first quarter's results were progressing satisfactorily and that several new supermarket sites have been acquired.

Much smaller than either Tesco or London Grocers is the Charles Phillips group, which operates some eighty self-service stores and supermarkets, mainly around London. This group's progress has reflected the larger firms' expansion with trading profits roughly trebling over the last five years from less than £50,000 in 1956 to £135,000 for 1961. Phillips have recently bought two smaller complementary businesses, James Grundy and G. and S. Food Fares.

This heavy work involved in building supermarkets has produced a new industry among property firms—finding suitable sites for supermarkets and then putting up the building to the tenant's needs. One of these is Bampton Property Group, whose shares have been one of the outstanding equities in stock markets this year. Bampton's main link is with the Fine Fare offshoot of Associated British Foods, for whom Bampton have recently built supermarkets in Leicester and in two towns in Yorkshire. Speaking last April, Mr. R. C. Bampton told shareholders that the group had thirteen revenue-producing supermarkets, another nine under construction and sites for a further ten already purchased.

Rather smaller than Bampton, but also specialising in shop and supermarket property development, is Maybrook Properties. This firm, which is headed by Mr. L. E. Manousso, the London estate agent, is backed by Legal and General Assurance—as Alliance support Bampton. A rising profit trend has already been forecast, up to 1963-64, with a minimum 8 per cent. dividend projected for the period to next March.

For investors, as for possible bidders, prices for supermarket shares are high, measured in terms of dividend yield. London Grocers' shares offer a bare 2 per cent. and Tesco only 2¼ per cent. Tesco seems the better buy, partly on its record and partly because it offers the slightly larger yield. But shareholders could also consider one of the two property groups, Bampton offering 3 per cent. and Maybrook 3½ per cent.

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MOTORING

AGAINST BRAKE LOCKING

Introducing the Ford Anglia Super; improvements on two Humbers

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Police accident statistics show that a big percentage of wet weather crashes are caused by sudden, violent braking. The back wheels lock and the car goes into a skid which few drivers have the ability to correct.

Engineers have been trying for a long time to find a simple, inexpensive means of preventing a car's wheels from locking under these conditions. Dunlop, with their Maxaret device, developed from aircraft practice, demonstrated the feasibility of the idea, but something less elaborate was needed for the cheap family car.

The Lockheed Hydraulic Brake Company have now come along with an anti-lock unit in which Britain's leading manufacturers are showing considerable interest. Unlike the Maxaret, which requires a unit for each wheel, the Lockheed system operates on both back wheels simultaneously. It is a sensing device which, driven off the transmission, sends a " message " to a vacuum servo unit. This in turn regulates the rear brake pressure, easing it off just as the wheels would otherwise lock.

What about the front wheels, you may ask. Ideally, they should also have the benefit of the Lockheed device. Initially, it will be a great help to have this anti-lock feature on the rear wheels alone. In emergency braking the front wheels might lock but, with the rear wheels preserving their traction and braking efficiency, the car would keep in a straight line. Lockheed—a member of the Automotive Products Group—say their safety device could be in quantity production inside eighteen months.

In a few days' time the Ford Anglia, one of Britain's most popular cars, attains its third birthday and its makers have taken the opportunity of announcing that a luxury version, with a better performance and higher price, will be in production next month.

It will be called the Anglia Super and I understand it will have an engine of 1·2 litres, compared with the ordinary Anglia's 997 c.c. External styling differences will include a flash in contrasting colour along each side of the body.

The standard Anglia will continue in production. Introduced in September 1959, it has sold at an average rate of more than 500 a day: more, say Ford, than any other British car in history. Total production now exceeds half a million. Ford, who have just extended their warranty on cars and commercial vehicles from six months to twelve (with a mileage limitation of 12,000 miles) to come into line with B.M.C. and other British manufacturers, are launching an important new family saloon this weekend, too late for me to describe in this week's issue of *The Sphere*.

A Ford I have just been trying out—the Galaxie 500 Sunliner convertible—is very different from anything in the extensive range of models offered by the British branch of the company, and illustrates the difference in both the design outlook of Dagenham and Detroit and the needs for which they have to cater.

The Sunliner has a power-operated hood, a V-8 engine of 5,769 c.c. developing 220 brake horse power, power-assisted steering and brakes and dual-range Cruise-O-Matic automatic transmission. Perhaps I should explain what a dual-range transmission is. It simply means that by moving the change lever to the appropriate positions you can ensure that the car starts from rest in either bottom gear (for normal use) or in middle gear (when the roads are icy.)

The Sunliner was lent me for test by Lincoln Cars on London's Great West Road. It was built in Canada, has right-hand drive and in this country costs £2,813, including tax. The equipment is lavish, besides the electrically-operated top, which works really well and seems to me perfectly foolproof. I had the benefit of some quite good weather while running around in the Sunliner and I had a lot of fun with this commodious six-seater, which is incredibly easy to drive once you get used to its generous dimensions; and whose powerful engine, which never has to work very hard, performs with impressive quietness and smoothness (as also does the transmission). At a rough calculation, my petrol mileage worked out at around 15 to the gallon.

The Rootes Group have announced big improvements to their Humber Super Snipe and Humber Hawk models. The 6-cylinder, 2,965-c.c. Snipe develops more power (132½ b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m.); has improved steering (thanks to a new recirculating ball unit); more interior comfort and refinement; a larger fuel tank (16 gallons instead of 12½) without interfering with the luggage space; and a new clutch (in which a 9-in. disc diaphragm replaces the conventional coil springs, providing a simpler, stronger unit with lighter pedal pressure).

The Anglia Super, a new luxury version of a popular car

This disc-braked car now has an automatic screen washer, a headlamp flasher switch, a warning light which glows on the dash when there are only two gallons left in the fuel tank, and an indicator light which signals that the brake fluid reservoir needs topping up (or that the handbrake has been left on).

The basic price of the Snipe saloon, limousine and estate car models has gone up by £70 and the total cost of these models, including tax, is now £1,541, £1,678 and £1,782 respectively.

The Humber Hawk, a 2¼-litre six-seater which has a body basically the same as that of the Super Snipe, has been given a new and stronger recirculatory-ball steering system, wider gear trains for reverse and first ratios to lengthen the gear-box life, a headlamp flashing device and a bigger petrol tank.

The Hawk's 4-cylinder engine produces 78 b.h.p. and gives this roomy, comfortable car a top speed of 90 m.p.h. Like the Snipe, it has disc brakes at the front. Prices of the saloon and limousine models are unchanged at £1,205 and £1,314 respectively, but the estate Hawk now costs £90 more (£1,507).

I usually know what new models are coming along but I was taken completely by surprise when I started reading a Press release headed " New Small Jaguar." It stated: " Details are announced today of a new, low-price Jaguar for the popular market. With this model the manufacturers have adopted the revolutionary idea, in British motoring circles, of supplying with the car a small set of suitcases as standard equipment.

" In keeping with the Jaguar tradition, this new car comes with all the accepted Jaguar luxuries. Spring-loaded boot, automatically-opening bonnet, independent suspension all round, four brilliant headlights and panoramic windscreen are features of a car which is expected to go a long way to meet the demands of a discerning motoring public." And so on, until finally came the question: " Will it suit your pocket? " The answer to that one was (as you may have guessed): " Probably, for this new model of a Jaguar Mark X, complete with die-cast XKS engine, is only 4¼ ins. long, being the latest addition to the famous Corgi range of scale-model cars."

I am an enthusiastic collector of these splendid little automobile miniatures and I think the new Jag., at 6s. 11d., sets a new high standard.

The Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., A.A. and R.S.A.C. is a bit worried by the hints thrown out in Government circles that a 50-m.p.h. speed limit may be imposed on all roads next summer. In a joint letter to the Minister of Transport the motoring organisations challenge the validity of the idea that experience gained this year with experimental 50-m.p.h. limits on a relatively small road mileage would provide enough evidence on which to base a decision to apply the 50-m.p.h. limit on a much wider scale.

The S.J.C. say that any conclusions as to the effect of the 50-m.p.h. limit on a limited number of specially selected roads would not be regarded by the motoring organisations as justification for imposing a limit on *all* roads.

Briefly. . . . The Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations may be amended to provide fines of up to £50 for motorists who open car doors dangerously. . . . The " Whirl-a-way " car washer is a new importation from the U.S. with a brush of soft horsehair which is rotated at 1,500 r.p.m. (at the end of a long aluminium shaft) by the water pressure. The pistol-grip handle contains a detergent chamber with a four-position switch to control the mixture. Price 55s. . . .

In the tough Liège-Sofia-Liège rally B.M.C. had their own private, mobile filling station for drivers of B.M.C. cars: a 100-gallon collapsible rubber-fabric fuel tank made specially by Dunlop. It proved a valuable safeguard in Yugoslavia, where filling stations are infrequent. . . . Mr. David Wickins, chairman of Southern Counties Car Auctions, has invited rally organisers to make use of any of his ten auction centres as rally H.Q. or control points.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

OCTOBER has, of recent years, come into vogue as a good holiday month. Climatically it is often one of the quietest months of the year, as it is not until November sets in that Nature gets to work to blow away the fallen leaves under the hedgerows.

Other advantages of October are that the holiday crowds have dispersed, children are back at boarding schools and it is not so necessary, though still advisable, to book one's hotel accommodation.

Where to go? This is better answered by a counter-question—where do you fancy? Few parts of Britain have not got their October appeal. Perhaps one of the following would suit you.

Broadway, Worcestershire. During the summer months we studiously avoid the coaches and the cars, but when October sets in, Broadway reveals the loveliness of her architecture and in the *Lygon Arms*, or the smaller *Broadway Hotel*, cosiness and comfort blend in with choice meals and wines.

What tranquillity to Americans after Broadway, New York!

In autumn there is much to be said in favour of making one's centre in or near a cathedral town because falling leaves and centuries-old architecture are always in harmony.

How many cathedral cities have you stayed in, as apart from a quick look-see and away on the open road? Chester, even more than Broadway, seethes with tourists in the height of the holiday season and hotel accommodation is difficult to come by.

But at the internationally famous *Blossoms Hotel*, Chester, you will be made very welcome and have your fill of enjoyment. Much thought has been lavished on keeping this hotel in the van of progress. Every bedroom has its own individual colour scheme. Each has been furnished with an eye to shape and respect. Lights are in the right places, points for electric razors are provided and many have their private bathrooms. There is not a bad bedroom, and the top-floor rooms are classic examples of modern thought.

The latest development is the creation of several additional rooms with private bath—by extending the first floor into adjoining premises. Designed in contemporary style and in excellent taste, the rooms can be used as sitting-rooms during the day. Each is wired for television and each has a panel electric heater (no charge) in addition to the central heating—a fitment appreciated by American visitors.

Yet it is the catering side on which *The Blossoms* of today flourishes. An enlarged restaurant may have to be added to again. The secret? *Table d'hôte* meals offering plenty of choice, *à la carte* meals to please the fastidious, all dishes cooked for the most part individually, by a chef who has been there for over twenty years and an enticing wine list.

Alternatively, you may like to stay in supreme comfort six miles outside the city. Quietly situated away from the West Kirby road A.450 in 50 acres of farm estate and surrounded by green lawns and a wonderful autumnal display of Michaelmas daisies, stands *Craxton Wood Country Club*.

Open all the year, all rooms are supremely comfortable, though the ultimate here is a wing of three bedroom suites, each with entrance lobby and private bathroom.

Perhaps you would like a country-cum-sea October holiday? What better place could one choose than unspoilt Frinton, that little township on the Essex coast where even in summertime motor coaches are taboo. However nippy the October evenings may be, you will be sure of warmth and comfort at the very well-equipped *Frinton Lodge Hotel*, perhaps the best for miles around.

Frinton Lodge is not company owned, but the very personal affair of Major and Mrs. F. E. McNelly, who have had the organising ability and the know-how to provide amenities that make their hotel the choice of the connoisseur.

For those who seek an hotel in Frinton-on-Sea in a lower price category, *The Cedars* should prove a happy choice. Though closed from November to March, visitors coming in October are most welcome and cared for by the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Houlding.

It is not generally realised that Frinton, apart from its tonic sea air and selectiveness, is convenient for the Constable country.

However, those who seek a country house within daily reach of the sea might well choose *Dedham Vale Hotel*, Gunhill, which lies in the heart of the Constable country and, apart from autumn holiday-seekers, has a business executive connection as it is *en route* to Norwich and lies between Colchester and Ipswich.

Consider, too, *The Crown* at Long Melford. The long, wide village street is typical of many in this part of Suffolk. Parking presents no problem and the effect is one of rural charm—even though the road is a busy one.

The Crown Inn stands on the left going north and is most ably run by Mr. John Massey, who has had a good deal of experience in rather larger hotels, and thus is well able to cope with the demands of his small inn.

First and foremost at *The Crown* comes the food—mostly straightforward English fare at lunchtime and a variety of Continental dishes at dinner, well cooked and presented in a most pleasant and attractive fashion. This draws a good local trade, who also approve the wine list, the modern simplicity of the room and the unobtrusive service.

For the resident there are a number of well-furnished bedrooms, many of which overlook the attractive, walled garden. For all there is the atmosphere of a well-conducted inn generated by a kindly and attentive host.

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